

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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June 29, 1966

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## "MY BRENDAN"

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by Mrs. Behan

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*IT'S A GIRL!*  
*See the fad for*  
*men's wear—page 5*





# DADDY'S HOME!



● This almost-speaking picture of a child and a dog was taken by Mr. R. F. Robinson, of East Ryde, N.S.W., who wrote: "Lissa Goldsmith, aged 14 months, is the daughter of friends. The dog, my poodle Coco, about 16 months, was in the habit of standing up at the window whenever a strange noise disturbed him. As the dog, standing up, was the same height as the child, I got the idea of putting the two together, photographing them, and calling the picture 'Daddy's Home!'"

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## The Weekly Round

MANY people have asked us about the exercises with which Mr. Norman Currer, of Adelaide, began his return to strength after a coronary thrombosis.

We featured Mr. Currer's story in our June 15 issue.

He is most anxious to help other sufferers defeat the results of a heart attack.

He tells us he will readily answer all inquiries and give details of the first routine of exercises he followed. These took only a few seconds daily and were of great benefit to him.

Mr. Currer's address is 23 Main Road, Belair, S.A.

★ ★ ★

WE were delighted to read that Mary Quant, whose autobiography, "Quant By Quant" (page 53), concludes in this issue, was awarded the OBE in the Queen's Birthday Honors.

In London, Mary told Anne Matheson, of our London staff, that she has not yet finalised plans to visit Australia with her husband, Alexander Plunket Greene.

She has fixed a period — November to February — when she can leave London, but exactly when in that time is undecided.

She said: "We will put on our own shows and take our own girls. We will fly into a city or town in the morning and fly out again in the afternoon — that is the way we like to show our clothes."

"We will take four English girls and make up the rest of the team in Australia. We know so many good Australian models here that there should be no difficulty finding the right type of girl in Australia."

### OUR COVER

● Guy or girl? These days it's hard to tell, especially when pretty model Lyn Johnston, 17, of Potts Point, N.S.W., is dressed from head to toe in boys' clothes. She's wearing the latest "Butcher-stripe Look" — double-breasted coat and bell-bottomed trousers, with a man's hat, boots, and umbrella. (See story page 5.) Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.



● Mr. Norman Currer — and an exercise.

BRENDAN BEHAN'S wife, Beatrice, gives a wonderful picture of her incorrigible Irish husband in "My Brendan Was Warm Toward the World" (pages 20/21).

She also reveals another little-known Behan sidelight — that many New Yorkers confused Brendan with Welsh poet Dylan Thomas and herself with Dylan's wife, Caitlin.

"Perhaps it was the drinking," she says.

"Or perhaps it was because for each of them, Brendan and Dylan, Dickens was the strongest and earliest influence in their writing."

"But it was strange, indeed, to go to a party in an elegant New York penthouse

and hear a beautifully dressed lady tell my husband how much she enjoyed his 'Under Milk Wood' and poor Dylan seven years in his grave! Brendan would just laugh."

"Like Brendan, Dylan had a premonition of early death and often said that he'd never reach 40."

### TOMMY HANLON

### Thought for the week

Mamma once said: wonder how schoolteachers and public servants, who so much for their fellow feel when they read in paper the tremendous stories some singing groups receive? The Beatles, oh millionaires in their time! Elvis Presley, five times millionaire. I can just see their feelings, 'Here I am voting my life to the and education of others, if I work hard and enough I may be able retire on 20 or 25 dollars a week.' I don't think I would be very happy about it, either, do you?"

Momma's Moral: Barbra Streisand will make five million dollars in the next three years. That's not bad for a girl who can't even spell her first name.





# “HERE’S TO SIR BILL”

● The men of Wangi, a small mining town on Lake Macquarie, N.S.W., roll out their version of the red carpet (see story overleaf) for Wangi’s most famous citizen, newly knighted artist Sir William Dobell. Back row (from left), Kevin, Alan, Leo, Peter, Bill. Second row (from left), George, Fred, Sir William, Bob. Kneeling, Tom and (right) Tommy. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



# WET WELCOME FOR COMPOSER

● Brisbane's weather — a near-cyclone with eight inches of rain, followed by bitter westerlies — let down Ron Grainer, famous Queensland-born composer of enchanting music, home after 14 years.

AND this after he had told friends in London he had never known rain in Brisbane in June.

But the fair-haired, handsome 44-year-old composer was not disturbed. He said mildly, "The sun will shine again."

Ron Grainer wrote the music for "Robert and Elizabeth," the story of poet Robert Browning, his frail wife, Elizabeth, and her stern

father, now playing in Melbourne with June Bronhill as the star.

He flew to Australia to see the Melbourne production and to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Grainer, sen., of Clayfield, whom he hasn't seen since he left for overseas 14 years ago.

After Melbourne, he plans to visit his sister Marjorie, Mrs. J. Scully, of Mysterion, Townsville, North Queensland.

The London production of "Robert and Elizabeth," which also opened with June Bronhill, still packs crowds after a two-year run.

And Ron Grainer often goes to the London show to "keep an eye on the production."

He explained, "Things can change very gradually, without performers or orchestra being aware, particularly if you haven't seen it for a while."

"There can be changes in tempo, in interpretation, in dynamics. It tends to flatten out. If you don't have dynamic contrasts, you get almost a Minnie Mouse kind of production."

Ron Grainer said the music he had written for "Robert and Elizabeth" was quite different from any of his TV themes known to Australian viewers — "Step-tot," "Maigret," the "Comedy Playhouse" series, and "Dr. Who."

"Certain kinds of stories force the composer into a pattern," he said. "The effect I get in TV themes has to do partly with the instruments I choose."

How did he find the unusual and different-sounding melodies that have won him fame?

"Sometimes I may get a distinct idea — perhaps in the bath or driving — a sequence of notes or a particular sound in my head that may be the eventual thing," he said. "It may be rather rough."

"Normally I have to be by myself to get it in the initial stages."

"I have often written with people around me, but nearly always people on the same job."

"Atmosphere plays a great part. I cannot work when there is music. It blocks my mind. I can work in aeroplanes . . . jets . . . they don't affect me at all."

Success has brought Ron Grainer what he describes as "an awful lot to do."

"There is little time for leisure, but the life I lead in England has its own stimulation because I am mixing with many people — and minds sharpen themselves on other minds."

Ron Grainer has worked



● Composer Ron Grainer, on his first visit to his home-city of Brisbane for 14 years.

hard for his success. He had jobs in nightclubs, variety, and cabarets when he arrived in London. He got his first break in 1955, when a TV producer wanted music for a mandolin and piano.

"I have seen both sides of life, the really lean, and the successful," he said. "To have had a struggle makes one more realistic about it, inclined not to sit back and fear the alternative to success."

When not at his flat in the West End of London,

Ron Grainer is at his home in Portugal. His daughter Rel is there now.

"In Portugal I love the water, the swimming, sunbathing, and walking," he said. "It is a lovely climate, very similar to Brisbane, except the other way round. They normally have their rain in winter and Brisbane usually has its rain in the summer."

But this time Brisbane proved him wrong!

— JEAN BRUCE



● Composer and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Grainer, sen., at their Clayfield, Brisbane, home.

## THE TOAST OF WANGI

"THAT was Government House on the line," said Bill Dobell.

His friend, the local doctor at Wangi, barely blinked an eye.

The famous and the mighty were always on the phone to the painter, or on his Wangi doorstep.

Merely because he lived there, in fact, Wangi, a small mining town with a powerhouse on Lake Macquarie, N.S.W., was very nearly famous, too — and didn't care who knew it.

So Bill Dobell's doctor friend smoked peaceably, unimpressed by calls from Government House.

"They said," went on the artist in a harassed way, "that I'd simply have to give them my answer."

"What answer was that?" asked his friend.

"I don't know," Dobell fretted. "In fact, I don't even know the question."

"Clear as mud," said his friend. "Didn't they explain what they were talking about?"

"They said they couldn't. Not on the phone," Dobell sat by the glass wall of his living-room on the lake, and rumbled his grey hair.

"They said it was all in the letter they wrote me. Quite some time ago. I told them I didn't get any letter."

He stopped dead. "Letters," said the artist guiltily. He got up, stepped round a dog or two, and

hurried across to a big pile of mail on a whatnot.

Most of it was unopened. The doctor burst out laughing.

"I'm very bad with letters," the artist said apologetically, and shuffled nervously through the pile. "I don't mean to be, I really don't, but I get so busy."

He came up with a very noticeable, very official-looking document.

"Now how," grinned his friend, "could you miss a thing like that?"

Dobell tore the letter open and read it. A little later, he said, "They want to give me a knighthood."

There was a bit of a pause. "I should jolly well think so," said his friend.

And so, when the big news broke on the Queen's Birthday weekend, said all Australia. So especially said every manjack in Wangi.

They tossed the news about from house to house — the miners, the construction-workers, the powerhouse men, the shopkeepers, the publican, the bookie, all Wangi and its wife and its children.

They stood in knots in the main street and the back streets and shook hands and thumped backs and asked, "Heard about Bill?"

As the big day wore on, the men got together in the Workers' Club and the Bowling Club and the RSL and the local, and they drank gargantuan toasts — to Sir Bill.

Tom Lishman, who works at the powerhouse, rustled up a bit of red carpet from somewhere.

Over at the RSL, of which Bill Dobell is long-time patron, plans got under way for a big party.

("They'll come in from everywhere," the men told each other, "to show Bill what they think of him.")

The women of Wangi got in on the act. They talked food, the food they'd turn on to make Bill's night a night he'd never forget.

By  
KAY KEAVNEY

Eyes kept turning to look up the street for his Jaguar. Only a matter of time and Bill would come on down . . .

Back up the road, along the lake, just this side of the school, in the beautiful, two-storey white house, Sir William Dobell took congratulatory calls from all over the world.

The telegram-boy kept coming, and the reporters. The dogs barked, the rain rained, the telephone shrilled.

And there was Alice to care for, Sir William Dobell's eldest sister, who had first got him interested in painting, and who had cared for him through the bad times, cooked for him and looked after him.

Now Alice was past 80, and not too well, and Sir

William was caring and cooking for her.

It all took time, while the rain rained, and the people of Wangi waited for Bill to come on down and join them.

They drank more toasts, and reminisced, and said to each other, "Here's to Bill."

And they meant that he belonged to them, and what happened to him had happened to them.

Hadn't he first come among them as a bit of a boy, nearly 50 years ago — 16 years old, son of a bricklayer and brother of bricklayers, when the white two-storey house was just a couple of rooms his Dad built for a weekend?

("Back in those days," says Sir William Dobell, "I was a dog-walloper. That's right, dog-walloper. What's that? Well, it's just what it says.")

"You see, the drapers would display their wares, bolts of material and so on, right out on the footpath, and the dog-walloper had to make sure the dogs kept moving on!"

And hadn't he come back to Wangi 16 years before, sick and sore from the buffeting of the world, but already a man other men called a genius?

And hadn't he lived on among them, while the white house and his stature grew?

They knew that when he slipped in his quiet way into



● "Sir Bill," with Bob Baldwin (left) and Tommy McCall (right), whom he is painting.

his corner at the pub, he was the home, where he belonged.

Now, well, SIR William, eh? Well, good enough. Bill's got it coming.

Said Tommy McCall, the general rouseabout, with the mobile hands and the marvellous battered face which Dobell is painting, "Won't make no difference. Not with Bill."

Another Bill, Bill from the powerhouse, kept on saying, like a refrain, "Recognised in his own lifetime. Way it ought to be. Not much good after he's dead."

They reminisced. And they analysed.

Said Fred, "Bill likes animals. Always did."

Leo put in, "Likes humans, too."

"Hear, hears!" from all corners. And another round of drinks.

More reminiscing. The big Joshua Smith courtcase. The nervous breakdown that followed. The terrible dermatitis that afflicted him, partially blinding him.

And the great days. The huge sums fetched by Dobell paintings ("not that Bill ever saw much of it"). The big celebration in Wangi when Bill got his first honor, the O.B.E.

Outside the rain was easing, but the winter night was coming down.

Then the word passed round. "He's coming."

A flurry seized the bar. Voices called, "Get that red carpet. Get a move on. Line up a round. He's coming."

The door opened and he stood there, smallish and greying, and just for a moment he was nervous, and just for a moment so were they.

"How does it feel, Sir William?" shouted big, odd-stone Bob Baldwin.

"Well, I'll have to grow my kneecap," said Dobell.

Then they were all laughing and he was laughing. They were all around him. It was all right, he was still Bill and back with them, where he belonged.



# SHE'S BUYING HIS CLOTHES

**Think you've seen every-  
thing? Well, look here.  
From head to toe . . .  
Girls in boys' gear!**

**B**UT, you might say, girls have been wearing big brother's sweaters for years—even borrowing his ties of late. Look again!

These girls have really stepped into men's fashions. Suits, ties, waistcoats, trousers, hats, even boots—they're wearing them all.

With no alterations, the clothes are straight from the racks of the men's department in a Sydney store.

"The average girl may not go to such extremes—yet," said Ted Marks, one of the store's young buyers. "But it shows they can look fun—and fashionable—in men's wear."

"For the past year or so we've had many girl customers in our men's departments, and with the latest mod fashions we expect many more."

Girls shopping in men's wear departments began with the blue-jeans craze (when, overnight, dungarees were more in than Dior) and for years jeans were only available there. Nowadays, jeans manufacturers make exact copies for the girls' departments, but many girls still buy their jeans in the men's sections.

It has become such a fad that some Sydney stores have set aside special dressing-rooms for girls.

"It's not that the girls objected," said one sales assistant. "Some of our older men customers didn't fancy waiting for a girl to decide on something."

— KERRY YATES



—Pictures by DON CAMERON

● Popular look for boys AND girls. Both are wearing the latest three-piece, pin-striped suit, with matching hats, shirts, ties, even boots.



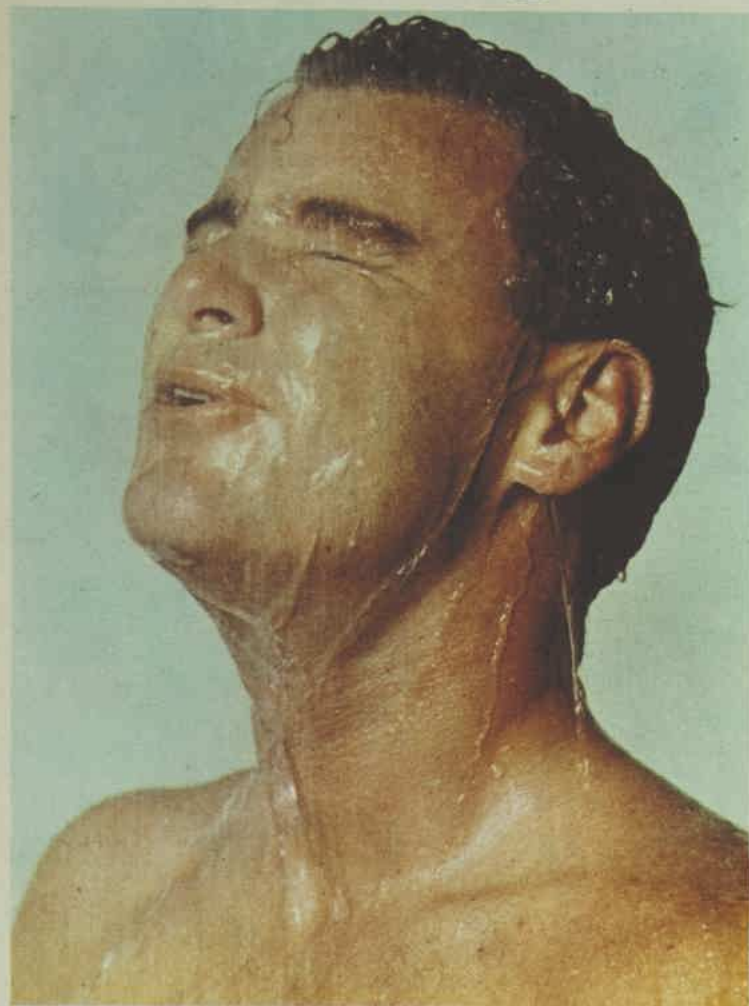
● Two girls (left) show they can look just as smart as their boyfriend in bell-bottom pants, shirts, boots. ABOVE: In Carnaby caps, waistcoats, floral ties, paisley shirts, hipster trousers.



His and hers — in his! That's right. Black Watch tartan trousers, "rebel" (with or without a tie) shirts, skivvies, and Carnaby caps for boy AND girl. fashions from McDowell's, Sydney.



# This feeling



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The world's best talc  
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best feeling.  
**Johnson's Baby Powder:**  
best for baby, best for you.



*Johnson & Johnson*



# THE QUEEN'S SECOND FAMILY



Charles

Anne

The Queen

Prince Philip

Andrew

Edward

By Graham and Heather Fisher

● When Prince Philip arrived at a London film premiere recently with what looked like the beginnings of a black eye, people wondered how in the world he could have received an injury normally associated with a street-corner brawl.

THE answer to Prince Philip's discolored eye lies in the children's bedtime romp which has been part of royal family life since Charles and Anne were small.

Whenever he is at Buckingham Palace, Prince Philip never goes out for the evening without dashing upstairs to the third-floor nursery to spend at least a few minutes with sturdy six-year-old Andrew and Edward now two.

This visit just before bedtime often turns into a boisterous romp with Prince Philip and Andrew, perhaps punting a small ball about the nursery corridor to the accompaniment of excited yelps from the children's pet corgis.

Or the nursery bathroom may become the setting for a noisy encounter between fleets of toy boats.

Or perhaps there will be a pillow-fight, with Andrew standing on his bed to bring him more on a level with his father, whom he adores.

It was during one of these bedtime romps that Andrew's tough little fist accidentally came into contact with his father's eye — with predictable results.

With Edward nearing an age to join in the fun, the palace nursery again echoes with childhood shouts and laughter just as it did when Charles and Anne were young.

For the Queen and her husband, it is rather like having a second family, and they are enjoying the pleasures of parenthood for which there was too little time when the Queen first came to the throne.

Today, Andrew and Edward occupy the night nursery Charles and Anne once had and share the large well-lighted day nursery at the north-east corner of the palace.

The nursery day starts promptly at 7.30. At 9 a.m., or a little later, Andrew, dressed in short trousers, a shirt with an attached collar, and schoolboy tie, trots along to the nursery schoolroom.

When Charles first started lessons at the palace, he was on his own until Anne was of an age to keep him company. It was an understandable mistake which the Queen was quick to rectify.

## Simple lessons

When Charles went to boarding school, the Queen arranged for two small girls to provide company for Anne at her lessons.

Today, Andrew has four small companions in the nursery schoolroom — two boys, two girls.

His lessons, so far, have been simple—scripture, reading, writing and arithmetic, painting and drawing, some elementary history and geography. He can read quite well and, among other things, can write his name.

Riding lessons in the royal mews are a welcome break from school routine. Andrew is very fond of his Shetland pony, Valkyrie.

Once a week, to develop limbs and muscles, he goes to a small private gymnasium in Kensington for simple physical training. Viscount Linley, Princess Margaret's son, attends the same class.

Soon Andrew will leave the nursery schoolroom for a day school in London, a necessary preparation for following his big brother to boarding school.

Meanwhile, the Queen's staff rather welcome the lessons which keep him occupied for the morning.

When Charles and Anne were younger, their mother made it a rule that they were not allowed into her sitting-

room, which serves also as her study, during her "working hours."

After Andrew was born, she relaxed this rule. As a result, it was by no means uncommon for officials seeing the Queen to have to pick their way across a floor littered with toys.

Once a page, failing to spot a rubber ball with which Andrew had been playing, executed an impromptu curtsy to the Queen as one leg shot from under him.

Andrew now welcomes nursery visitors with a very grown-up handshake and staff members by name. "Hello, Mr. Bennett," he will say to the page outside the Queen's door when he goes downstairs to see his mother.

He is a stocky, agile youngster with a perky grin and a quick trick of hunching his shoulders when excited or surprised by anything. He is sometimes mischievous, sometimes grubby, his pockets frequently bulging with the miscellaneous treasures of boyhood.

He has inherited something of his father's shrewd, inquiring nature, as portrait painter Stella Marks discovered when she did a miniature of him for the Queen.

To keep Andrew amused while she worked, Mrs. Marks made up a story about two baby rabbits who were also coming to her to have their portraits painted. Andrew listened, wide-eyed.

The story was continued from sitting to sitting. Then, suddenly, at the end of one sitting, Andrew wanted to see the rabbits' portraits.

"I had an idea," said Mrs. Marks. "I told him that the portraits weren't finished, but I would bring the drawings along to show him."

That night, Mrs. Marks did some quick drawings of two baby rabbits.

Andrew's curiosity was satisfied, the more so when Mrs. Marks told him he could have the drawings.

"You mean, I can really keep them?" he asked excitedly.

In the morning, Edward is still taken by his nanny, Miss Mabel Anderson, to spend a short time with his mother in her study before going out for an airing in the palace gardens.

## Useful outlet

Andrew, too, goes into the garden in the afternoon, racing about in his pedal-car or exercising on a climbing frame.

A knotted rope slung from a tree provides another useful outlet for his energies. For Edward, there is a sand-pit in which to dig and build.

They usually have tea with their mother, though "tea" for them is still a mug of milk. Andrew loves banana sandwiches at teatime.

Before tea, while the Queen plays with Edward, Andrew trots off beside his quick-striding father for his daily swimming lesson in the palace's heated indoor pool. Prince Philip has taught each of his children to swim.

After tea, it is back to the nursery. The Queen usually goes up with the children — to help with Edward's evening bath, perhaps read Andrew a story.

Today, the Queen and Prince Philip have the best of all worlds in a family of healthy, happy youngsters at different stages of development — Charles on the threshold of manhood, Anne in her teens, Andrew at the beginning of boyhood, Edward just emerging from babyhood.

● Sturdy Andrew, wearing a "Wild West" type fringed jacket when he went with his mother to watch his father play polo at Windsor Great Park.



● Second family, Andrew and Edward, photographed to mark Andrew's sixth birthday last February. Edward is two. Charles, 17, is at Timber-top, while Anne, 15, is a boarder at Benenden.



# "THE WEIRD MOB"—ON FILM



1. Nino Culotta (Italian comedy actor Walter Chiari), the young migrant Italian journalist, steps off the ship at Circular Quay confident of a new and successful life in Australia.



2. The newspaper on which Nino hoped to work has closed down. After spending his first night in Australia in the deserted office, he searches through a telephone book for a job.

THE much-awaited-for, much-talked-about film version of John O'Grady's best-seller "They're a Weird Mob" is scheduled for Australia-wide release in August.

The full-length color film tells the story of a young Italian migrant's confusion in the "owerygoingmateorright" world "down-under."

Well-known Italian comedy actor Walter Chiari plays the hero, Nino Culotta, but the film has an almost all-Australian cast and was made by an Australian production company.

Sydney television personality Clare Dunne plays Nino's girlfriend, Kay, Chips Rafferty her father, and Judith Arthy her friend Dixie. Ed Devereaux plays Nino's boss Joe, Doreen Warburton his wife, Edie, and John Meillon and Slim de Grey his workmates Dennis and Pat.

Beautiful Italian starlet Alida Chelli, Sydney pop singer Gita Rivera, and Melbourne television star Graham Kennedy make guest appearances in special "written-in" parts.

During their nine-week shooting schedule, the unit headed by British producer Michael Powell, filmed around Sydney. And, of course, "Kings Bloody Cross" (to quote the cab-driver who introduces Nino to the Australian language) is specially featured.

Nino fans will notice a few changes in Emeric Pressburger's screenplay, but the film has not lost any of the Aussie flavor of John O'Grady's best-seller. In fact, the bearded Australian author said, "The film is better than the book!"



3. A builder's laborer is the best job the young Italian can find. Nino puts in a back-breaking day's work with Aussie workmates Joe (played by Ed Devereaux), the boss, and Jimmy (Charles Little).



4. Down to the pub for a beer after work is an Australian custom. Nino soon learns. The man in the dark shirt is "Weird Mob" author John O'Grady, who filled in as an extra in this drinking scene.



5. Soon Nino is invited to board with the "Mob" at the home of his boss, Joe, whose wife, Edie (Doreen Warburton), feeds three hungry members (from left), Pat (Slim de Grey), Dennis (John Meillon), and Joe (Ed Devereaux). Nino soon learns Aussie slang.



6. At restaurant meeting, Nino finds an ally in Dixie (Judith Arthy), whose friend Kay Kelly (Sydney television personality Clare Dunne) rejects his attempts at friendship. Kay had accused Nino of being responsible for his cousin's huge debt to her father's company.





7. Bondi Beach can be both lonely and confusing to a new migrant. Nino wanders aimlessly along the water's edge until he recognises Kay and Dixie in the crowd. However, Kay prefers to continue their running fight.



8. Thrilled to meet another Italian migrant, Nino and beautiful Alida Chelli (whose name is romantically linked off-screen with Walter Chiari) star in one of the funniest sequences. A drunk (Keith Petersen), who has been abusing "Ities," eventually falls off a ferry into Sydney Harbor.



9. A kiss for another pretty Italian migrant (played by Sydney singer Gita Rivera) at a gay party. Later he teaches Kay a charming Italian love song and, instead of arguing, she shows signs of falling in love with him.



10. Sydney's Fairy Bower beach is the setting for this scene in which Nino, Kay, and friends watch a rescue. Later Nino tells Kay, "You don't have to drown to practise mouth-to-mouth resuscitation" — and proves it.



● Break in the filming of "They're a Weird Mob." Author John O'Grady (right) with the film's stars (from left) Chips Rafferty, who plays Kay's father, Walter Chiari, and Ed Devereaux.



11. Final scene is the engagement party the "Mob" put on for Nino and Kay. It begins as a formal tea party and ends quite differently. Nino, Kay (with the beer cans), and Pat (left), Edie, and Dennis really live it up.



● A young Sydney woman doctor will play a major role at the first international medical conference in Australia.

● Dr. Helen Bashir and her microscope.



## An accolade for years of research

WITH nine of the world's top blood specialists, brown-eyed Dr. Helen Bashir, of Coogee, N.S.W., has been invited to read a paper at the Megaloblastic Erythropoiesis symposium by the Congress of the International Society of Haematology.

Her paper, Methylmalonic acid in Vitamin B12 Deficiency, sounds an awe-inspiring mouthful to the layman—but to shy, unassuming Dr. Bashir it means years of research into the problems of nutritional anaemia.

There will be two congresses held in Sydney in August—the 11th Congress of the International Society of Haematology from August 21 to August 26, and the 11th Congress of the International Society of Blood Transfusion from August 24 to August 29.

More than 900 delegates from all over the world will attend both congresses. At least 600 from more than 50 countries are the top men in their field.

The congresses are held every two years in a major world centre.

Doctors to speak at the symposium with Helen Bashir will come from England, the United States, India, Israel, South Africa, Tokyo.

Helen Bashir, who was born in Narrandera, N.S.W., and graduated from Sydney University, became interested in the problem of nutritional anaemia when she joined the staff of Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney, more than four years ago.

She found that tests used to detect the lack of Vitamin B12 in the blood were difficult and tedious, making diagnosis a lengthy affair.

Machines which could give quick and effective diagnoses were being used overseas, but she knew they ran to thousands of dollars.

She set herself the task of devising a simplified form of testing which would produce a quick, effective diagnosis.

"The whole project was a matter of team work by my department," she said. "I was asked to read the paper only because I am the haematologist."

By  
**GLORIA NEWTON**

Her boss, Professor W. R. Pitney, Social Professor of Haematology at the University of New South Wales and Haematology Professor at Prince Henry Hospital, was quick to refute this.

"The congress invited Helen to read the paper," he said. "It is a great honor for her and a recognition of the fine work she has done."

Helen, who started medicine with the idea of becoming a child specialist (her doctor sister, who is married to Alderman N. Shehadie and has three children, has her own practice in the Sydney suburb of Pendle Hill) became interested in pathology half-way through her university course.

When she graduated, she went to Sydney Hospital where she worked in the Pathology Department for three years. Then, nominated for a scholarship by the Narrandera Rotary Club, she went to England and studied pathology at the Royal College of Surgeons and Hammersmith Medical School.

Back in Sydney, she joined the staff at Prince Henry Hospital as assistant haematologist to Dr. Pitney.

Weeks went into the writing of her paper, which she has just finished.

"But I'm sure I'll re-write it again before the congress," she said.

She is a little nervous at the prospect because the congress will be a Who's Who of haematologists.

"The greatest names of the world will be there," she said.

Dr. Bashir studies ancient history and Italian in her "spare time." She also found time to arrange an "International Night" to raise funds for the congress.

Members of her department and its sister department at the Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, cooked their national foods and played their country's music at Helen's home.

"We had Chinese, Austrian, German, Mauritian, and Lebanese dishes," she said. "My sister and I stuffed nearly 200 zucchinis that day. But it was a good night and we raised nearly \$1000."

"Raising this money is one of our main problems. Because Australia is so far away it is extremely difficult for brilliant young research workers to come to the congress. For some, the journey is equivalent to a round-the-world trip."

"Medical men and their wives all over Australia are working really hard to raise the \$15,000 we still need."

"You see, we agreed that if the congress were held here, we would help with all travel grants—a worthwhile task when you consider the great brains that will assemble in Sydney in August."

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

**A CHANCE** remark at a party by Mr. Eric Abrahams — "A love to go north somewhere" — has snowballed into a party of 16 close friends who will leave Sydney by air on July 24 for a two-week holiday in the sun in Fiji.

As well as the Abrahams, the party includes the John Hendersons, Dick Staffords, John Humans, and the Ian Platt Hepworths.

They'll all be staying at Korolevu but during the stay will make a four-day boat trip around the islands on the recommendation of the Hendersons' daughter, Kerry (now Mrs. Trevor Spry, of Melbourne), who made the trip recently while honeymooning in Fiji and Tahiti.

Other Sydney people planning holidays in Fiji are Mr. and Mrs. Les Hooker and Mrs. Victor Dekyvere, who will fly to Nandi on July 16 to meet Mr. Dekyvere on his way home from a ten-week overseas trip.

After a few days at Korolevu they will move on to the island of Tavuni, and will later make a three-day cruise of the islands and visit Sir David and Lady Ragg at their home.

**FASHION** honors this week go again to a man. His name? David Gavin Cobcroft, who looked superb at his christening at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, in the white lace robe worn by his mother, Mrs. Brien Cobcroft (formerly Jill Ryan, of Melbourne), at her own christening. It was trimmed with blue satin ribbon which exactly matched his eyes. (See picture on opposite page.)

**LAND**, sight of the week. Actor Will Mahoney calling for his wife, Evie Hayes, at the hairdresser carrying a tartan canvas bag which unzipped to reveal their minute Yorkshire terrier, Butch. He goes everywhere with them in his bag, and at night, when they're appearing in "Funny Girl," sleeps on the dressing-table among the cosmetics bottles.

**OFF** overseas at almost a moment's notice are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seidler, who are making for Tahiti, Acapulco, and Denver, in the United States, where Mr. Seidler will be awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the American Institute of Architects in recognition of his contribution to design. The Seiders leave on June 22 and during their six weeks away will visit New York, London, the Continent, and Russia.



**MARRIED.** Mr. and Mrs. John Kienzle signing the register at Trinity Grammar School Chapel following their marriage. The bride was Miss Helen Mutton, daughter of Mrs. E. Mutton, of Mosman, and of the late Dr. John Mutton. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kienzle, of Mamba Plantation, Kokoda, Papua, where they will make their home.

**FASHIONS** I'll keep my eyes open when I'm up in the snow are the delightful helmet-hats Mrs. Neville Christie. Her daughter Louise will be packing their stay at the Coach House at Thredbo. Mrs. Christie's (which sounds delicious) a stark white leather one and Louise's in leopard.

**I HEAR** that Major and Mrs. Robert Berrick are among the many Sydney people who'll motor down to Melbourne for the black-tie dinner party to be held at the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Miller on July 7 in aid of the Victorian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It's a forerunner to the Grand National Steeplechase at Flemington on July 8 and 9.

**YOUTHFUL** Adrienne Hughes and Sue Byrne are among the many young people headed for the snowfields in July. They'll be on the Thredbo slopes for two weeks — Adrienne leaves on July 9 and Sue will join her on July 16 at Geelong Ski Club.

**I BELIEVE** Rosemary Hudson made a charming bride when she wed Michael Kingston, of Kent, England, at St. Swinburn's Church, Pymble. Her looped headdress matched her cream raw silk gown, which was beaded at the hem and on the sleeves. Rosemary and Michael left the day after their wedding in the Polynésie for Noumea.

**ALTHOUGH** they hadn't planned it, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cary had what looked like an indoor swimming-pool this week in the house they're renovating at Bellevue Hill. The renovations so far have reached the stage where the house is just a shell without even a roof, and the heavy rain during the week soon did the rest. At present, while they're supervising the Japanese-style house (which will include lots of glass, sliding doors, and patio), the Carys are staying in the Malcolm Coppelsons' delightful house in Edgely Road while the Coppelsons are overseas.

**DATE** for your diary . . . June 24 — which is the opening night for The Castle Hill Players' production of "Arsenic and Old Lace" in the Pavilion Theatre in Shanghaig Road, Castle Hill. The play will run for six nights.

**NOT** long back from Europe, Mrs. Ken Pring tells me she has left her son Peter and daughter Diana in England for the next couple of years. Diana, who left in January on Frances McDermott's skiing trip to Europe, met her parents in Vienna in April, and with friend Katrina Munro had a three-week trip through Europe before going on to London to meet Peter, who worked his way over on a ship. She tells me Peter has an interesting job with a large publishing firm and has found digs in part of a house in Knightsbridge. Diana is busy settling into life at "Wimfield," the Constance Spry finishing school cum domestic science school just out of Windsor.

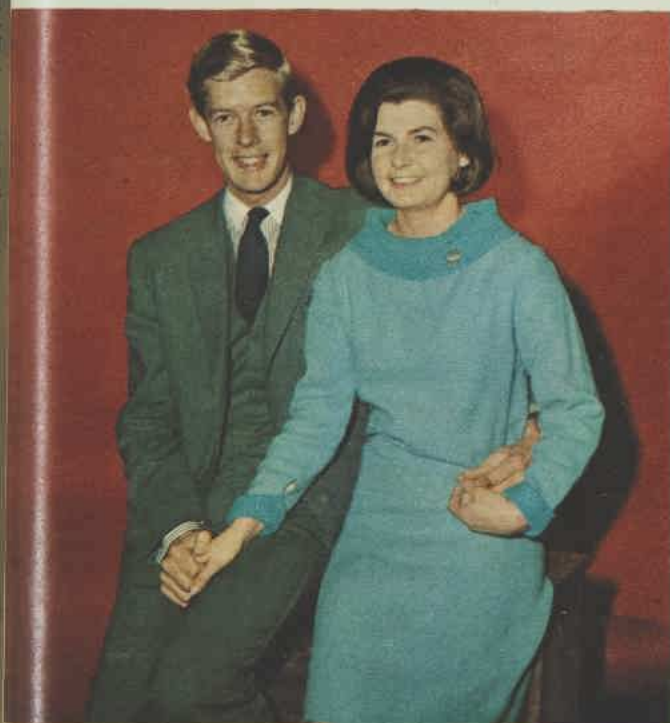
**OTHER** interesting news from London is the engagement of Dick Dennison (who has been in England for more than a year) to former Sydney girl Diana Jackson, who has been living in Chelsea with her family for the past few years. They are planning to marry there in August.





ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (at left) with Mrs. John Atwill at the Black and White Committee's Go-Go Arty Show at the Terry Clune Galleries. Mrs. Dekyvere, who is president of the committee, which works for the Royal Blind Society, welcomed 200 guests.

RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. James Mahar in the foyer of the Tivoli Theatre at the first night of Les Ballets Africains. Since dancing in Australia last year the ballet has visited Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Canada, France, and South America. They will be here until July 2.



ABOVE: Miss Sally Windeyer and Mr. John Kimpston, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in October. Miss Windeyer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Windeyer, of 'Methalibah,' Trangie. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kimpston, of Hurstpier Point, Sussex, England.



AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Desmond O'Shea, with Mrs. Alan Birdsall (right), at the dinner dance at Le Petit Paris Restaurant at La Salle arranged by the Golden Years Committee, which works for the Old People's Welfare Council of New South Wales. Mrs. O'Shea, who is the president, greeted guests as they arrived.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Cobcroft, of 'Parraweena,' Willow Tree, and their son, David Gavin (left), with Mrs. Cobcroft's mother, Mrs. Bill Ryan, of Toorak, and Mr. Cobcroft's father, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, after the baby's christening at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The baby's godparents were Mrs. Fred Widdis, his uncle, Mr. John Cobcroft, and Lord Vestey.



## NEXT WEEK

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for you to stick on the jars so they'll be an attractive set!

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### "NIGHTIE" BALLGOWNS

### And:

★ POCKET-MONEY . . . Does it teach the value of money or is it too much responsibility for a child? Readers debate the question.

In 1906, two young women, Annie Praed and Margaret Barnes, made history: The first women to graduate from University of Sydney as Bachelors of Dental Science

# PIONEER WOMEN DENTISTS

By  
GLORIA NEWTON

*"Under the patronage of Gentlemen of families of the first respectability, George White, Dentist, 70 Castlereagh St., honored as he is by most extensive patronage, begs very respectfully to announce his intention of confining himself exclusively to the business of his profession. To Parents and Guardians, especially as the youth of the Colony have hitherto been so much neglected in this particular, the present opportunity cannot fail to present a most desirable advantage. Mr. White may be seen at any hour of the day at his residence above. Artificial teeth tastefully arranged."*

● Dental graduates will gather this month for an oration service to honor a pioneer of their faculty — Annie Praed — who was a dentist in the days when gentlemen called on her nurse with posies under their bowler hats.

THE dental profession has come a long way academically, technically, and psychologically since the above notice was published in the "Sydney Gazette" in 1826.

But few people know of the leading roles played by women since Annie Praed and Margaret Barnes were pioneer dental graduates.

Annie Praed had another distinction: she was the first woman dentist registered in Australia.

Before she gained her B.D.S. from Sydney University, she held a Licentiate of Dental Surgery (in those days gained by becoming an apprentice and sitting for Board examinations), and already a practising dentist.

Miss Praed died in Sydney in 1948, and every year since 1952, the Dental Faculty of Sydney University honors this remarkable woman by holding an oration service.

### Few attended

Mrs. Gordon Rouse, of West Ryde, N.S.W., a dentist of note herself, has attended each one of these services and each time has seen only one or two other women in the assembly.

This, she said, mystified her. Why were there not more women of the dental profession present at such a service honoring one of their own sex?

Mrs. Rouse, who practises under her maiden name, Doreen Musgrave, decided she would round up her "sisters" for this year's oration on June 28.

Her search involved hours of work — correspondence, interviews, telephone calls, research — but she unearthed some interesting facts on women in her profession, had a lot of fun, made a lot of friends, and started the nucleus of a clan for them all.

The result? More than 50 women dentists — some practising, some retired — will meet for dinner before going to the BMA Assembly Hall to hear Sir Charles McDonald, Chancellor of Sydney University, deliver the oration service for Annie Praed.

### Amazing life

Mrs. Rouse worked with Annie for a period, but remembers her mainly as a student demonstrator.

"She practised in the city in the T & G Building for many years. The facts I found of her early life and her start in the profession are truly amazing. Indeed, her whole life would make a book," said Mrs. Rouse.

"She was a regal woman — like a duchess — and she wore Queen Mary toques and ermine tails on her collars.

"She was dux of her class the year she graduated, and when she was 65 she wrote a thesis for her doctorate and became the first and only woman dentist to achieve that degree in Australia.

"When she died in 1948 at the age of 76, she bequeathed those robes to the next woman to get this doctorate. Unfortunately, no one has won them to date.

"The other girl who



● Mrs. Barbara Davidson testing saliva samples at Kiriwena, New Guinea, where she went in 1947 on a Commonwealth Nutrition survey.

graduated in 1906 with Annie, Margaret Barnes (now Mrs. Maltby Robinson), has retired and is living at Southport (Qld.). A wonderful woman.

"We wanted her to come to the reunion, even offered to fly her down and back, but she pleaded ill-health and told us she would come next year.

"Annie was orphaned

when she was a little girl and was sent from one relative to another for years. A friend of her father's recognised her possibilities and persuaded some English relatives to pay for her education.

"When she left school she went to live at Middle Harbor with a family friend, who had her apprenticed to a dentist.





● Miss Annie Praed, left, and Margaret Barnes (now Mrs. M. Maltby Robinson), pictured with their male colleagues on the day they gained their B.D.S. degrees at Sydney University in 1906.

"The year she went to Uni she got there each day by rowing over to Folly Point, walking up to Military Road, catching a tram to Milson's Point, a ferry to the Quay, and finishing the rest of the journey, more than two miles, either on foot or by tram.

"At night she worked in her surgery, studied, and made her own clothes. She was a wonderful seamstress and cooked like a French chef. She could bone a whole turkey and put it back together again.

"Annie was very keen on women entering a profession. I remember she used to lecture us on our conduct and the way we should dress in order to uphold the dignity of our profession:

"She loved young people and was very affectionate, but painfully shy. She once told me: 'Get married, don't make the mistake I did.'

### Prim and stiff

"I was given a wonderful word-picture of her by a woman who once worked as a dental nurse back in 1907-8. They were known as secretaries at that time, and they used to make appointments and get lunch — all for the princely salary of £2/6 a week.

"She told me Annie was very prim and stiff with the young men who called to see her. They generally finished up calling back on the nurse instead with a bunch of violets tucked under their bowler hats.

"Margaret Maltby Robin-

son, whom I went to see, is much the same type as Annie was — regal, proud of her life in her profession.

"Her first patient was a man who told her he saw her name on the brass plate and came in because he approved of women going into a profession. He and his family remained her patients until she retired.

### Married patient

"She met her husband when she was in partnership with Annie. Margaret told me she looked at the handsome young man who came in for treatment from her partner, who was out, and said, 'Won't I do instead?' — fixed his teeth, and married him.

"She sent me a picture of herself and Annie the day they graduated with the class of dentistry at Sydney Uni., and enclosed a note."

It read:

"I had to laugh at this picture. We were all so very solemn, not a smile anywhere. But don't forget, it was a solemn moment. We were upholding the dignity of being the first women graduates of Dentistry in the University of Sydney.

"The men, as usual, look modern. Annie and I, alas, look like stiff sticks with ground-length skirts—shades of today! I heard later the men loved the way I swept up all the scattered cement

pieces as I walked about the dental hospital.

"By the way, surely the reclining dental chair is not replacing the old upright one? I would flatly refuse to lie on it—it would give me the horrors. I like my feet firmly on the ground."

Among the 50 women dentists who will be attending the dinner organised by Mrs. Rouse will be:

● Elsie Oakey, the first woman dentist appointed to Sydney's Rachel Forster Hospital. On taking over the Royal North Shore Dental Clinic, Sydney, during World War II, she put her hands on her hips and retorted, "All or nothing at all" when it was suggested a man would do the extractions.

● Marjorie Chidley, who during the war carried on three country practices to release men for the Services. Marjorie used to cover the practices by hitch-hiking, travelling on timber trucks. Many nights she slept in the dental chair when accommodation wasn't forthcoming.

● Barbara Davidson, who went to New Guinea in 1947 to take part in a Commonwealth Nutrition survey and trained a native, Nanki, as a dental technician: "The only one I ever saw who went barefoot and wore a hibiscus in his hair."

● Marie Ross, who spent

many years in Central Malaya, where she took over the Government's Dental Clinic and travelled in a mobile unit regularly through bandit-infested jungle.

● Stella Barr and Hazel Newman, who graduated in 1923, and who were both appointed dentists to the out-patients' clinic at Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children the same year.

Mrs. Rouse, an attractive titian-haired mother of three school-age children, told me she wanted to quash the

idea many people had that women dentists are not feminine.

"We are very feminine," she said. "And we are not insular about our profession. Most of us include hobbies in our lives; mine are cooking and writing.

"And, strange as it may seem, many men prefer women dentists. They feel they can let their hair down with us and ask for a little sympathy. With another man they feel they have to be tough guys."

Mrs. Rouse is saddened by the lack of interest shown in her profession by today's young girls. She said it seemed medicine was "the" profession to enter at the moment.

### Scholarship

To foster interest in the faculty she is promoting a scholarship for the best pupil from a secondary school—female, of course—who wants to do dentistry.

"It is a better profession for a woman than medicine," she said. "You can marry, set up a surgery in your own home, run it, and bring up children while you are practising."



● Mrs. M. Maltby Robinson, left, with Mrs. Gordon Rouse at Mrs. Maltby Robinson's home at Southport, Qld., where she retired. She met her husband while she was in partnership with Miss Annie Praed in Sydney.



below: Beautiful Soiled Linen Hamper, with fluffy, washable top. Pink or White, \$25.95.  
(Background:— Elegance seat with matching fluffy top)



above:  
Graceful and Practical seat in White, Pink,  
Blue or Lavender, fitted with fluffy  
washable top, \$12.95.  
(Background:— Elegance Soiled Linen  
Hamper)



at right:  
Charming chair of Old World grace with  
White, Pink, Blue or Lavender fluffy  
washable top, \$17.95  
(Background: Elegance seat with  
fluffy top)



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Table, \$18.95; Chair, \$15.95.  
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Lavender, \$11.00. Vinyl Tops,  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1966



What you reveal about your taste  
in TV programs is never overlooked

# Viewers: the VIPs of television

● The battle of the ratings is on in Sydney. New shows have been premiered, programs have been rearranged in response to viewers' requests.

By NAN MUSGROVE

VIEWERS have their say through TV ratings—a system of surveys to measure popularity.

One of the things that they have been most vocal about is the disappearance of David Janssen in "The Fugitive," from TCN9.

"The Fugitive" had to disappear for a while. The American TV season lasts only eight months, with a four-month vacation to allow writers a holiday and writers and technical staff to recuperate.

The American TV vacation has just finished, and Richard Kimble runs on

## Television

TCN9's screen again on Saturday, July 2, at 8.30 p.m. He will keep running for the season, just ahead of his relentless pursuers.

Looking through the files of "The Fugitive," I was shocked to see the physical toll the series has had on David Janssen (see pictures).

It seems as though fame, money, and hard work don't add up to the picture many stars have of their favorite TV stars.

A heady mixture of glamor and the sweet life, blended with easy money, is the general impression I have. But apparently it is not a true image.

Last year Janssen retired from the TV season, sick and tired of the whole thing, tense, and physically exhausted.

Ellie, his wife, is the person with the most realistic picture of what TV fame can do.

"At the end of the 1965 season, David was physically tired," she said.

"He had pushed himself beyond his endurance. In a way, he was forced to. He had the pressure of a 14-hour day. He didn't want to lead an existence that was solely eat-work-sleep.

"He wanted a social life. He smoked more, drank more. He felt it gave him zing, pepped him up."

Ellie took over, and spent her four months seeing that David really relaxed. He came back to "The Fugitive" better than before.

But Ellie Janssen was still worried.

Then she had an inspiration: the Janssens bought a weekender in Palm Springs. Result? Janssen is better physically than he has been for years.

"The minute we take off for Palm Springs, and we do every weekend, David begins to unwind," said Ellie.

Palm Springs was such wonderful medicine that Janssen didn't rest during his TV vacation this year. He made a movie, a screen version of the Norman Mailer novel, "An American Dream."

Producer of "The Fugitive" is Quinn Martin. "Success moves people lots of ways," he says.

### More secure

"Some actors get paranoid. They turn on people, become selfish. David has become more secure, easier to work with. He is the first guy in Hollywood who got nicer as the result of big success."

It will be good to see "The Fugitive" back; he has been missed.

For viewers, TCN9 has made other changes, too. Disappearing for a while are: "Honey West," "The Addams Family," "Red Skel-



ton Show," and "Coronation Street."

"Coronation Street," a serial of life in the North of England, can truly be described as a TV phenomenon.

In England it has had more national impact and popularity than any other TV show. It has even held up the business of the House of Commons because England's Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, is one of its greatest fans.

In Australia it has been very popular in every state except New South Wales. Sydney viewers, the most choosy in the Commonwealth, are not mad about it.

Here "Coronation Street" has a small, but hard core of regular fans, a core that never changes.

But Victorians and South Australians simply dote on it.

The series will disappear in Sydney for the time be-



A FRESH, youthful-looking David Janssen (above) with his wife, Ellie, at the time when he had just started to make "The Fugitive" series. A few years later (left) he shows signs of the strain of overwork caused by the show's long, successful run. A new series of "The Fugitive" begins on TCN9 on July 2, at 8.30 p.m.

disappear in what seemed like minutes.

I have always noticed this capacity of his, but it was even more evident with "Ustinov on the Ustinovs" a gem on ABC-TV, with Ustinov tracing his family tree and talking about his family.

It was a monologue delivered on an empty stage, his only props being some photographs and that exceptional mind of his.

He is a warm, wonderful man — fat, bearded, bulky, a rich package of wit and talent. And so, apparently, are most of his family. All were distinguished in some way.

Speaking about his mother, who was in the studio audience, he gave a vivid description of the way the cloche — the outstanding millinery achievement of the 1920s — was worn.

"One day when we were walking, Mother had toothache, and I kept hearing moans coming from the bottom of a cloche hat," he said.

The whole hour was studied with quotable quotes. Indeed it was a joy that surely must be repeated soon.

Don't miss it when it is.

★ ★ ★

"AUSTRALIAN PLAYHOUSE" scored its first win for a long time with "Antarctic Four," Oriel Gray's play about a small group of men stranded in an Antarctic outpost.

Temporarily out of communication with their base, the six men got into a nightmare situation brought on by a mysterious disease.

"Antarctic Four" was not flawless, but it sustained suspense to the end. It was better entertainment in every way than there has been from "Australian Playhouse" for weeks.

I would like to see this series succeed, but recently I have been wondering whether it would.

"Antarctic Four" revived my hopes.

### Corny, but pleasant

"THE John Forsythe Show" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.), has every ingredient to make it bad, but skilful writing and adequate acting make it surprisingly pleasant entertainment.

The story is pure corn. An Air Force major (John Forsythe) inherits a school from an old aunt. He thinks it is a boys' school, finds it is for girls.

The headmistress, Elsa Lanchester (gone to flesh and wearing the most extraordinary garments), expects the new owner to be old, "like a squeezed grapefruit."

Forsythe, active, debonair, arrives and plunges unwillingly into the problems of weird plumbing, and little girls who are neglected by their parents.

### Underplayed

I liked the first show. It was underplayed, and although it was full of prime opportunities, was never mawkish with sentiment.

One thing puzzles me. How on earth did anyone as personable as John Forsythe and as competent an actor, ever get himself permanently typecast as TV's young girl's foster father?

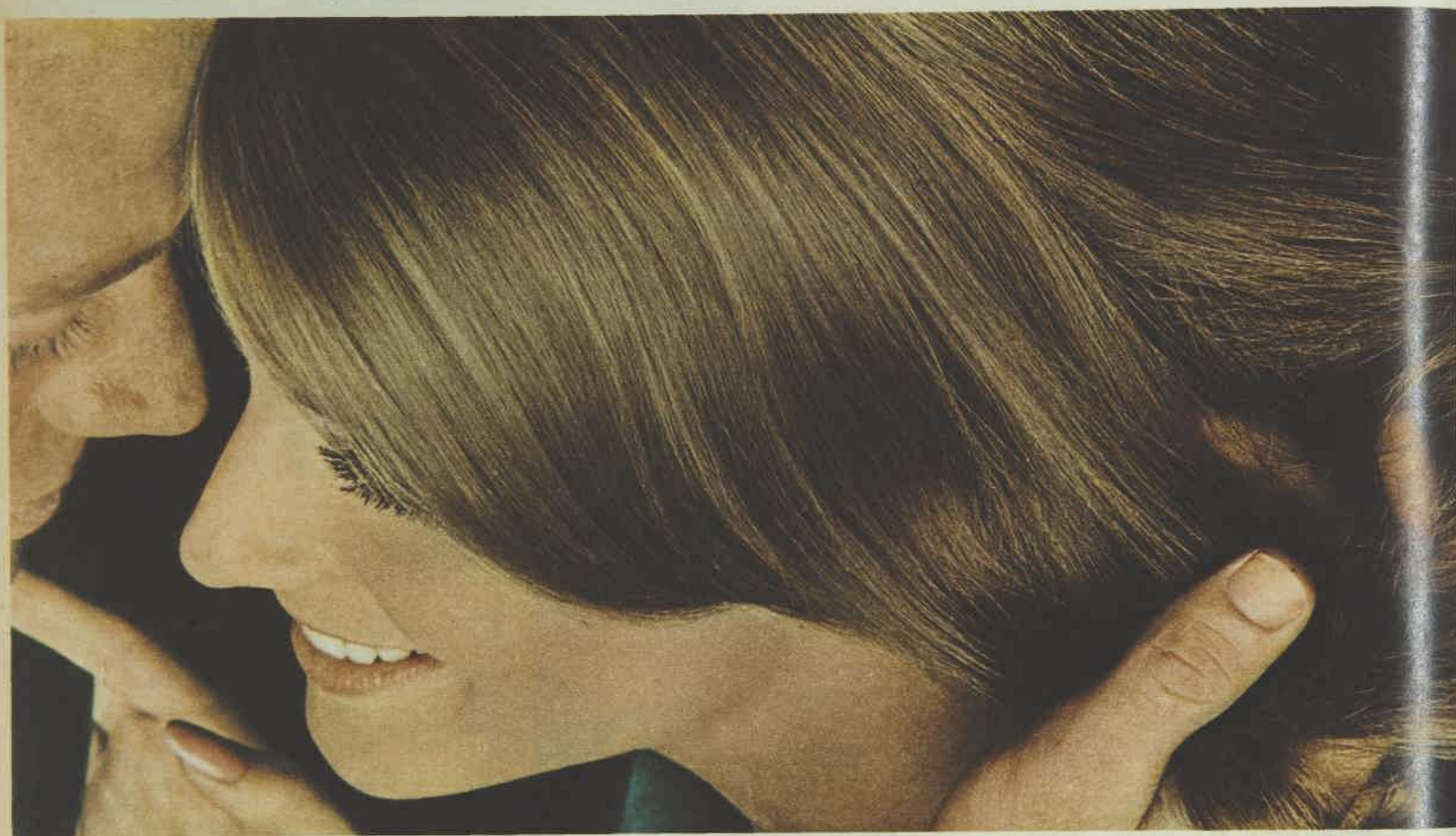
Remember "Bachelor Father" when he was nursemaid-guardian to a young teenager? I hope he gets into the big league sometime with the more mature girls. He deserves it.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS





## New! Nice'n Easy hair colour so natural it invites close-ups



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Now it's here! The world's favourite shampoo-in hair colour! New 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. So easy, you just shampoo it in. So natural, it's the favourite of beautiful women all over the world.

Now *you* be the girl who looks even lovelier close up. Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft natural-looking colour of new 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. It's easy to do. But more important, this is real Clairol colour. Which means the blonde shades are luminous, beautifully even. Reds are fresh, sparkling. Brunettes are rich and lively. 'Nice 'n Easy' lightens... or brightens... or deepens more evenly. So rich, it covers grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. And it won't wash out. Special conditioners leave your hair silky, soft and bouncy, lovely to touch.

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## New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol

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# AUSTRALIAN PLAYS

AUSTRALIAN PLAYHOUSE makes Monday night viewing on ABC-TV lottery. Occasionally the result is good. Sometimes it is interestingly bad. At other times it is bad — but not at all interestingly.

In six weeks Playhouse screened only one outright winner — "The Tape Recorder," a well-written, well-cast, and well-directed play, comparable with imported viewing. Australian writers are emerging as the stars of this big enterprise, the actors as the question mark.

On this page are scenes from forthcoming plays in the series, the biggest boost in years to local drama.

—NAN MUSGROVE

## Television



(Above)

### "HAYWIRE"

Suspense drama in which Joya, a university student, provokes a frightening situation. Scene shows neurotic male model Roscoe (David Yorston) attempting to subdue Joya (Caroline Keely).



(Left)

### "THE PARKING TICKET"

Parking ticket involves a policeman in civil and domestic trouble. Here, unmarried June (Carmen Duncan) tells her mother (Shirley May Donald) she is pregnant by the traffic policeman's son.



(Above)

### "BLIND BALANCE"

Story captures the emotions of a girl waiting for a court verdict in which her young man is charged with assaulting her. Pictured are defence counsel John Godfrey and Prosecutor Brian James.



(Left)

### "MARLEEN"

Tells of Marching Girls, their aspirations, hopes. Here, the Smiths (Dorothy Bradley, Sydney Conahere) watch daughter Marleen (Joy Mitchell), Hilda (Elizabeth Harris), Pam (Fay Kelton).



# THE 'LITTLE GIRLS'

• Bare cut-out style by Jacques Esterel in red-and-white wool squared off in blocks with colored circles.



The little girls of Paris are wearing straight-cut baby dresses in mini- and ankle-length, and brief, snazzy suits that you look at once, and then look again. The fashions show bareness of arms, shoulders, and neck, and lots and lots of leg. The Paris young are also wearing straight, long hair, and this creates a doll-like quality. The fashions are the youngest clothes ever to be designed in Paris. Youth has been handed a new fashion story on a silver platter.

—BETTY KEEP

• Op-artish print (left) in a free little shape with puff sleeves. By Michele Rossier for the House of Pierre D'Alby.

• T-shirt casual (right) flashes the arms, cuddles the neck, builds body interest with broad white bands on black wool.

• All-out youthful allure in a short-short, sleeveless eyecatcher whipped up in a spotted chiffon. An edge of swirly back drape pulls across the face, dots one eye.





# SET FASHION PACE



• Simple, anti-fuss in the modern way of the young, this colorful number from Paris designer Feraud has above-elbow sleeves—and lots of wow.



• Orange bands and belt on a yellow dress (orange shoes unseen) give the contrast that Louis Feraud aims for in his new "little" Paris collection.



• Esterel's slinky little-girl print stresses young, straight lines, easy cut.



• French model Sophie wears Cardin's gabardine suit with mini skirt.





BRENDAN BEHAN outside a New York theatre after interrupting his own play by heckling and singing.



ENTERTAINING friends with take-off of "an old woman."



PARENTS with Brendan at a rehearsal of brother Dominic's play in London.

An interview with  
BEATRICE BEHAN  
by Jhan and June Robbins

# My Brendan was warm toward the world

**I**s fear an t-imareas na an t-uaigneas. The language is Gaelic. The meaning is: Quarrelling is better than loneliness. That quotation, Beatrice Behan told us, was more or less the family motto during her nine tender and tumultuous years of marriage to Irish author and playwright Brendan Behan, who died in 1964 at the age of 41.

Brendan and Beatrice were improbably matched.

Brendan came of a poor, working-class family, Beatrice from a well-to-do middle-class family. His parents were active Irish rebels dedicated to freeing Eire from English rule. Her family was largely intellectual and steadfastly aloof from politics.

Brendan's education stopped when, at 13, he left trade school to become an apprentice signwriter and house-painter. Beatrice, the daughter of a successful artist, was educated in private schools.

Brendan had spent nearly eight years in prison for Irish revolutionary activity. Beatrice had lived a quiet, conventional life.

Yet they were drawn to each other.

"'Twas not only a love match but an intrigue," Beatrice told us when we met her in Dublin.

"We were each fascinated by the other. To myself he was physically raw and wildly funny and wonderfully romantic. He smelled excitingly of life. So different he was from the detached, intellectual ones who were my family's friends.

"I can't say what I was to him. The first time we

met he called me a bourgeois swine. I think perhaps it was his way of acknowledging that he was much tempted to move up in the world.

"In actual fact, no one suffers more than the poor man who is born an artist and raised a revolutionary. What is life to one part of him is so often death to the other . . . He died of the drink," she added simply. "I knew he would. It cut his life away."

When Brendan Behan died, he left not only a widow but an infant daughter. He left also a body of distinguished work — two plays, over 100 essays, a unique novel, and part of an autobiography.

## WEDDING RING CAME FROM A PAWNSHOP

And Beatrice Behan today is discovering that it is painfully difficult to be the widow of a famous man who died before his time.

"After he died," she told us, "I spent a few months drinking around in the pubs where they knew him.

"Somehow I felt his personality slipping under my skin. Suddenly I was having laughter and being charming and irresponsible. I imagined that everyone loved me, and I even sang those dreary IRA songs that Brendan used to sing.

"But then I realised I was not being natural; and, more important, it all would take me away from the baby. So I drink but little now. Still I love the life of the pubs."

Mrs. Behan, at 40, fits trimly into good Irish tweeds. Her hair is reddish-brown, cut short, and worn straight. Her eyes are grey and her nose is slightly pointed.

We talked to her in her

home, in church, on a park bench, in a greengrocer's shop, and in restaurants and taverns in Dublin. One of our interviews took place in a hansom cab.

She told us, "Brendan was devoted to horse and carriage. On our wedding day we toured Dublin in a fine-looking hansom, and later I could be sure if a carriage stood outside a saloon Brendan was there."

At our first interview, in a pub, she said wistfully, "Brendan liked champagne." We decided to drink champagne. She held up her left hand, on which was a modest diamond solitaire and a wedding band.

"Himself bought me the diamond about three weeks after we were married," she said. "He saw it in the window of a pawnshop where a pal worked, and he fancied it."

"My wedding ring looks much like platinum, but silver it is. It cost 17/6. It comes from the same pawnshop."

"For a brief time toward the end of his life," she said, "Brendan was earning about £35,000 a year. You'd think even a king would have trouble spending such a sum in Dublin. I mean, you would wear yourself out. But it is all of it gone. Boozed and borrowed, mostly."

She told us she has not received "one penny" from her late husband's estate. He died without a will, and the estate is still in probate court.

"But whatever you think it is, it's wildly overestimated," she said grimly. "Oh, yes, royalties from his plays and books come in, but they are sent right out by the court's executor to meet the liabilities Brendan left."

The brick house on the

Dodder River that Brendan bought in the last years of his life "because the garden runs down to the water-side" has been converted by his widow into a two-family dwelling. A young newspaperman and his bride rent the top-floor.

"I wouldn't mind selling the house," Beatrice said, "only Brendan made me promise never to. He told me, 'Beatrice, as long as you own the roof over your head, the bloody landlords can never drive you out!'"

She laughed, "So many publishers have offered me fabulous sums for Brendan's love letters. They think his letters to me must be passionate and salable. But the true fact is, there aren't any! A poor widow might be forgiven for attempting to write them herself."

"In all our life together he wrote me only a simple postal card, apologising for his delay in returning to France, where I was waiting. He wrote, 'Dear Beatrice: Sorry away so long. Will be down shortly. Miss you. Brendan.'"

Brendan's life and art, like those of most creative Irishmen, were shaped by history. His father was in prison in Dublin, having been convicted of revolutionary activity, when Brendan was born. When he was ten days old his mother held him up on a pillow to the barred window to receive his father's blessing.

At home his mother "always had a book in her hand, even at the washtub," and

she read aloud to the seven children each evening.

Brendan volunteered for the underground Irish Republican Army when he was 16, and was promptly arrested in Liverpool for possessing sulphuric acid and detonators. He was charged with conspiring to blow up a battleship, and sentenced to three years' detention.

It was from this experience that, years later, he wrote "Borstal Boy," an immediate best-seller. One reviewer called it "bitter, philosophic, obscene, comic, marvellously well written."

## HER FATHER BROUGHT HIM HOME

A few months after his release from prison in 1943, Brendan met his future father-in-law, a well-known Irish artist, Cecil French Salkeld, in a pub. At closing time, the two walked out into the rain and stumbled, soaked and shivering, into the kitchen, where Beatrice stood rubbing at a spot the maid had left on a stew-pan.

"I scarcely raised my head," she remembers. "I just took a big linen towel off the rack and tossed it at them. Father often brought his drinking pals home."

"Then I saw that this one was young and pale and

soft-skinned. It was prison pallor, but I thought he was ill. I was about to offer him a cup of tea, but he dozed off in the chair."

"He had a heavy body, big bones, a full mouth, and a three-day beard. An hour or so later he went away without so much as a thank you."

Beatrice was 18 and Brendan 20. They met again about ten years later.

"My father and I were taking a holiday in the Aran Islands, off Galway. We were on Inishmore, the largest of the three islands, where the resorts are, but my father tired of the crowds and we went over one night to Inishmaan, the middle island."

"There, in a pub on Inishmaan, we found Brendan again. We spent a lovely evening drinking and talking and laughing."

"Brendan said that after Borstal he had served another three terms in prison. One for attempting to murder two policemen, the second for violating a deportation order, and the third for helping in the escape of an IRA prisoner."

He had worked sporadically at the family trade of house-painting, had been a seaman and a smuggler, and since his release from prison had spent two years in Paris





DAUGHTER'S christening day  
(Dad arrived after the service).



"I FEEL like Lazarus, the fellow  
that rose from the dead."



BRENDAN AND BEATRICE soon after their marriage.  
He was 32, she was 30.

## ● Widow of the rumbunctious Irish writer who so uproariously drank himself to death tells now of their oddly matched, abiding romance

as a weekly contributor to the "Irish Press." He was now a free-lance journalist. He had also written a play, "The Quare Fellow," which was to open shortly in Dublin.

"Enchanting he was that night — witty, full of anecdotes, tempering cynical remarks with his tender smile and that absurd fang tooth of his that showed over his lip," Beatrice recalled. "I suppose that's when I fell in love with him."

### "I LAUGHED, WEPT AT HIS PLAY"

"We invited him to visit us the following day on Lismore, but he explained that he was banned from the big island."

"A few years ago I was arrested there for singing in the streets at midnight," he told her. "It didn't seem right to arrest a man merely for singing. So when the two policemen took me into the station house, I pushed them both into an empty cell, locked the door, and threw the key over a cliff into the sea. They didn't take it kindly."

That winter Behan's "The Quare Fellow," a tragicomic play about a condemned prisoner, opened in Dublin. It received enthusiastic notices. It was running successfully when Behan telephoned Beatrice and asked if she would like to see the play. She accepted his invitation.

"I sat in my seat and laughed and wept," she told us. "I kept saying to myself, 'He's had little education; he knows nothing but drinking and brawling. But

I feel sure he will live and die in fame."

"That night he went pub-visiting. Brendan engaged a hansom cab for the whole evening. Even to this day I can't see a hansom without wanting to weep. The conversation was one-sided — he did most of the talking. But wonderful it was."

"I awoke the next morning with a very large head. I lay in bed, feeling dreadful but remembering that Brendan had said he'd ring me."

"He did. We went out together 11 more times. Then we decided to be married. It was a late marriage for us both. Brendan was 32 and I was 30."

"We were wed in my family church — the Donnybrook Roman Catholic Church — at half-past seven in the morning. None of Brendan's family were there. He didn't tell them about it. He kept saying, 'They'll be of mind that I've betrayed.'"

"It was a bit funny. After all, it was myself who was marrying down. Yet my father and mother and sister welcomed Brendan, even though I knew they were completely bewildered by my choice."

"When Brendan was in the United States," Beatrice went on. "he had a favorite toast. 'To Eire — not a part of England, not a part of the United States, but a free country.'"

"My Brendan loved New York and many of the people, but rarely did he say a kind word about it, so much was made of his drinking. Part of what he meant by his toast was freedom to drink."

"Here in Ireland, we accept what you call

alcoholism as a large part of life. Women expect their husbands to be poured across the door-sills and we don't make it too hard on them."

"It's sort of the manner that American women are golf widows or business-career widows. Do you now see what I mean? Our men die of liver. Americans die of ulcers."

Beatrice said she asked nothing of Brendan for herself, "except that I told him I wanted a child."

"I loved him and he was every part a man," she said. "But for a long time no child came to prove it."

Soon after their marriage, the Behans spent three "grand" months on a primitive island called Ibiza, off the eastern Spanish coast.

It was in Paris after Ibiza, Beatrice recalled, that they had their most furious quarrel.

"I swear I don't know what it was about," Beatrice said. "It began over some tiny thing, then built up and up. I suppose we both were worried about the future. We screamed and yelled and wrestled. It was hate and love mixed in together. The blows we exchanged seemed to bring both pleasure and pain."

### "A MAN YOU WOULD TURN TO LOOK AT"

"It was a massive brawl. When it was all over, we fell into each other's arms and made up. But I brought away an enormous black-and-yellow bruise under my eye."

The following year, 1958, they went to a seaside resort near London, where Bren-

dan wrote "The Hostage," his last major work. He wrote it in Gaelic and then painfully and beautifully translated it into the "enemy tongue," English.

"He was mighty critical of the English," Beatrice said, "but he could write their language, he could." This time we were talking in John McDaid's pub on Henry Street, in the centre of Dublin.

Beatrice sat facing the door. It was an old IRA habit that Brendan had taught her. "You always want to see who's coming and going," he'd say. Many's the time he'd sit in this very chair."

Next door was an art gallery with a show window that held a sculptured head of Brendan Behan. It stared at the pub's customers as they approached — "as if silently begging to be asked in for a drink!" Beatrice chuckled. "Brendan was a handsome man," she went on. "He had a profile like a head of an old Roman coin."

"Even when he gained weight and went up to 15 stone, he was a man you'd turn to look at on the street. But he made fun of his large body with its small feet. 'I'm like a piano with casters,' he'd say."

"The Hostage," which opened in a London theatre in 1958, was an immediate artistic, critical, and financial success.

Brendan was a celebrity, a role for which he was ill suited.

"The money went like sugar on a hot cake," Beatrice said. "There was always a great crowd of hangers-on telling him about his massive talent and him buying them drinks."

"He drank huge amounts of champagne now he could afford it, and he was often ill. He'd sigh, 'Beatrice, I'll never see 40.'"

"Large sums went to paying others' debts. He would

accept a well-told hard-luck story without question and empty his pockets with neither paper nor promise to secure the loan."

"I'd find some of his pals had been drinking and charging the liquor to Brendan. We had more quarrels about money when we had it than when we were poor."

Though Brendan himself was frequently ill those days, his writing was ribald, exuberant, and bursting with love of life. At this time the widely reprinted novel "Borstal Boy" was banned in Ireland (and Australia).

### "TRICKED IN TELEVISION INTERVIEW"

Brendan noted sardonically that when the ban went on sales went up, then wrote a ditty to the tune of "McNamara's Band":

Oh, me name is Brendan Behan,  
I'm the latest of the banned.

Although we're small in numbers,  
We're the best banned in the land.

We're read at wakes and weddings,  
And in every parish hall.  
And under library counters  
Sure you'll have no trouble at all.

Brendan's quick wit and utter irreverence for authority made good newspaper copy. So did his drunken adventures. Beatrice firmly believes that her husband was deliberately tricked, however, in a TV interview.

"I said I'd deliver him sober and I most certainly did," she told us. "They put him in a small waiting-room and locked the door. I saw it with my very own eyes. An hour later when he went on the telly, drunk he was."

"Where could he have got the bottle, I ask you, if they didn't give it to him? What I think, they wanted Bren-

dan drunk, not sober — they thought it made for a better show!"

To the cabbie who drove him to his hotel after his nearly incoherent appearance before the cameras, Brendan said, "Sure and I'm drunk — in what other condition could a man endure television?"

"He was the crony of every cab driver in London and Dublin," Beatrice said. "If Brendan was out missing, I'd run out to the rank and say to the nearest cabbie, 'Do go and look for him!'"

"The word would go out and a few hours later one of them would bring him home, often with his clothes dripping wet from a sobering swim in the Liffey."

A Dublin cab driver told us, "You could properly call Brendan a lovely slob. Sometimes he'd stop the cab and get out and buy a jersey or a new pair of shoes for some poor ragged little nipper he'd spied on a street corner."

In 1960, Brendan and Beatrice went to the United States. "The Hostage" opened on Broadway to rave notices from critics and had a successful season. One night, Brendan interrupted the performance by marching up on the stage and haranguing the actors and audience.

He said they had no real appreciation of the problem the play presented. He called the audience "bloody middle-class tradesmen who ought to be home looking at television!" He was half dragged off the stage.

"Why did he do that?" we asked his widow. "Did he really have such contempt for all those people?"

"Oh, no," she said earnestly. "He was just cross with me for refusing to fetch his coat."

"His coat?"

"Yes. He took his first New



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# MY BRENDAN

From page 21

cheque and bought a handsome cashmere overcoat. Oh, I knew he loved that coat and was so proud of it. But I told him to fetch himself. I was no man's servant as long as he had two legs.

"We had a beautiful row. He went out and began to drink. Then he went to the theatre and took it out on me within."

Brendan's behaviour horrified New York's conservative Irish, who had been at great pains for nearly a century to erect the false image of the chronically drunk Irishman. Now the most prominent Irishman to land on United States shores since George Bernard Shaw was coming it all.

Behan announced happily he was going to march in the traditional St. Patrick's Day parade. The Irish leaders of New York were taking no chances. Brendan protested: "Sure, and if a man who drinks is not allowed to parade, there's a man who'll be marching." But they banned Brendan Behan.

Beatrice remembers that when the ceaseless round of New York parties was interrupted by an invitation to Brendan to appear in Toronto, she looked forward to the journey with a feeling of great relief.

"We both were worn out with seeing and talking to many people," she said. "Canada sounded quiet and amiable. For all the bad you say of the British types, they don't intrude."

In Toronto, however, Brendan was arrested after a quarrel with hotel-keepers over the Sunday papers.

"I was much upset by the whole business," Beatrice

said. "Now Brendan was threatening to punch the Canadian Prime Minister on the nose."

He came back to New York. A few nights later he sat cross-legged in the lobby of a staid hotel and, throwing back his head, warbled a lugubrious ballad called "I Met My Love in an Irish Graveyard."

Astonished guests — men in dinner clothes, women in formal gowns — gathered around him. The flustered management first called the police; then, learning Behan's identity, they cancelled the call and summoned a doctor, who took one look at Brendan and called an ambulance.

## A WAITER RAN TO THE CATHEDRAL

Meanwhile, a waiter dashed five blocks to St. Patrick's Cathedral, grabbed at the arm of a priest who was mounting the steps, and implored, "Come quick, Father. They're going to take Brendan Behan to hospital and it's sure they'll never let him out!"

An hour later the waiter and the priest delivered Behan to his wife, who settled him into bed and said philosophically that she'd seen him much worse.

The following day, when reporters interviewed Behan, they concluded that he had not been as drunk as he seemed. He recalled every detail of the evening and said, "I was walking through the lobby on my way to the bar for a quiet drop of whisky and suddenly I was overcome with all the mink and the jewels and the richness. There before me were the curses of humanity!"

"I felt I was wading through sewage and I saw a picture of myself as a part of it and I didn't like it at all. So I sat down and began to sing."

"I wanted to remind myself of the stories my mother told me of the starving people during the great hunger of '48, who died by the roadsides with the vomited green grass running out of their mouths."

Behan closed the interview with invective against New York's Irish-descended bus drivers. "They've all got bloody English accents!" he roared contemptuously. "They're a bloody bunch of climbers!"

"He also disliked policemen," Beatrice said, "particularly New York policemen of Irish descent. He felt that they gave themselves airs. One day in New York a motor-cycle escort was given to us. A very young-looking policeman asked Brendan, 'Do you rate a police escort in Dublin, too, Mr. Behan?'"

"Yes," Brendan replied, 'but usually I'm handcuffed to them!'"

In the spring of 1963, the Behans returned to Ireland. Beatrice became pregnant. "Brendan was alive with joy and I for him," she said. "After eight years, a baby! I was 38, not young for a first time, but I was not too afraid. I prayed for a girl. I didn't want to raise another rebel."

Before her marriage, Beatrice, following in her father's footsteps, had been a successful artist and illustrator. Since her marriage, however, she had attempted nothing more creative than caring for her wildly creative husband. Now she wrote a moving letter in which she tried to explain her husband to her unborn child.

"It's a long letter. It never got edited," she said apologetically. She gave it to us one Sunday as we walked home with her from Mass at the Donnybrook Church:

"One day you will read this and understand why your coming is causing a bit of excitement. When you are grown, people will love to say to you, 'I know your father.' Their comments will not always be kind. When you answer them, remember this: Brendan is a good man, not a phony, no cant, not a trace of snobbery, Irish or otherwise."

"They'll tell you he is a drinker. True enough. But never let them tell you he needs liquor. His good humor is there even without it. You'll learn a lot about drinking in your young life. Yet neither Brendan nor I want you to touch a drop until you're 21 . . ."

"Let me tell you more about Brendan. He's tickled at the idea of you. He's always fond of children and is great at romping them. Children recognise him as a kindred spirit, for Brendan



**DANCING A JIG** on the stage of the Cort Theatre in New York, Behan interrupts his play "The Hostage" before a cheering audience. He climbed on to the stage, criticised actors and audience for lack of understanding of the play, then, having made his point, gave a song and dance. The play itself is in somewhat the same spirit — it is a wild and wayward tragicomedy.

can be annoying, bold, spoiled, innocent, and unafraid as any of them.

"I am sure that sometimes he will shout at me, 'Can't you stop that child from making so much damn noise?' You won't change him — his sheer zest for talk and language and song and justice will surely influence you. I love him and he's the most entertaining man I have ever met."

"If you are a boy I'm not going to call you Brendan. There's not room in the world for two. People often used to say to your father and to me: 'Haven't you any children?' Brendan would reply: 'No, only me.' . . ."

"Never let anyone say to you, 'Oh, your poor mother. What she must have suffered.' I married and understood him. All your arrival will do is give me less time to go out and find him when he's late."

"I hope you will grow up in a happy world. Health and long life to you."

## "WE'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL COLLEEN"

The baby was a girl.

"'Tis a rare woman," Beatrice said, "who can face her man with the firstborn and not search his face to see if he'll receive a girl. So many men—even the revolutionaries—are wanting a son. But I shall long remember how Brendan held me tenderly to him and told me he'd been hoping for a girl."

"He said, 'If it had been a boy child, I'd have forced him to be an electrician or even an accountant instead of a bloody writer, and there would have been a brawl. Now we've got ourselves a beautiful colleen with fair hair and blue eyes and a skin tender enough to rule the world.'"

He named the baby Blanaid Oria Jacqueline Mairead Behan. He turned up late for the christening and slightly drunk. He called the baby "Miss Mouse" and said, "She's a dear little chiseller

and she knows who to trust."

"After the baby was born, Brendan would often wake in the night and go to her to make sure she was breathing," Beatrice said. "He was a great one for ballads and sometimes he sang them to her. He wanted his child to be 'warm toward the world.'"

When he and Beatrice were entertaining in their Dublin home, he often shouted up the stairs, "Bring the baby down! Let her meet the people!"

He valued solitude, too. Beatrice said, "We used to go away for days at a time to an isolated part of the coast. We'd have a picnic on the rocks and Brendan would throw his powerful body into the wildest surf and swim up and down, battling the waves and singing, and I'd sit on the shore, crooning and rocking the baby."

"Brendan was losing his teeth at the time. One by one they fell out, and he was too busy or too stubborn to see a dentist."

A few months later Behan's health failed abruptly. Physicians said his liver had been damaged by many years of heavy drinking, but he also had acute diabetes. They prescribed insulin and warned him against alcohol. He ignored both instructions.

"When he was taken off to the hospital, he still fought the prescriptions," Beatrice said. "A nurse girl got him to take the pills only because she threatened to break his china water jug over his head."

"After she left he said feebly, 'Couldn't have her get at that jug—it's got a pint hidden in it.'"

Brendan Behan died on March 20, 1964, when his baby was less than four months old.

Before we left Ireland, Beatrice took us to a saloon called Peter's Pub, where we had arranged to meet her late husband's parents. "It's their local," she explained. Beatrice greeted the elder

Behans with emotional kisses and Brendan's mother kissed everyone.

"Where's that suitor you promised me?" Beatrice teased her father-in-law.

"Oh, I'm looking all the time, but there's no one good enough for yourself," Stephen answered genially.

"And likely there never will be!" said Beatrice just as cheerfully. Then she said to us, "There's great pressure on me to remarry, you know. All Brendan's friends and relatives tell me that the baby needs a father and that I need a man to live for."

"I wouldn't mind if I could find another man who would take my mind and my heart like Brendan. But are there two such men in this world?"

## "GAVE TOO MUCH TO THE CAUSE"

"Not at all! Not at all, I'm thinking!" said Stephen Behan, lighting a pipe. Brendan's father is a short, erect, hard-muscled man of 78. He has a lion's mane of bright silver hair and dark eyes. For the past 15 years he has been president of the Irish National Painters and Decorators' Trade Union.

Later he said, "'Tis the saddest thing that can happen to a man—to outlive his own son. I never expected Brendan to come back from Borstal—with his temper I was sure he'd provoke the guards into killing him. It's a blessing he lived long enough to contribute his art."

Kathleen Kearney Behan, a smiling woman in her late 60s, wore a plain grey dress with a large silver pin at her throat.

"We raised all our sons to the Republican cause, we did. Brendan tried to give too much to it and it cost him his dear life," she said.

"But our family has always given to Ireland—my brother Peadar wrote 'The Soldier's Song,' the Irish Republican national anthem."

Throwing back her head

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**TRAVEL-TIRED** Brendan and Beatrice brush past the Press on their arrival in London from Paris. He was always "good copy."





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## A glassy look!

★ Centuries-old glassware is on show at a Melbourne exhibition of Bohemian glass.

It has been lent by various Czechoslovakian museums to the exhibition, organised by a store.

Probably the oldest exhibit is a goblet made in 1612.

Another item of interest is a goblet of the beautiful "Splendid" set given to Queen Elizabeth as a wedding present by the people of Czechoslovakia.

These beautiful wine glasses have embossed ornamental bands of pure gold round the rims and the initial E topped by the crown engraved on each glass.

These were made in the world-famous Moser Glassworks, in Carlsbad, as was also the special Pope set, decorated with the papal emblem and made specially for Pope Pius XI.

An interesting exhibit, too, is the uranium glass. Uranium was used in the Czech glass industry 50 years before Madamé Curie used it for the discovery of radium.

## ANTIQUES IN "NEW LOOK"

■ Leading travel agency World Travel Headquarters has some charming old, old furnishings in its spanking-new Sydney offices.

Sydney interior decorator and antiques dealer Trevor Potts went to England on an antique hunt to furnish the offices' reception area.

He spent six weeks searching over thousands of miles.

He came back with some lovely works — a chest, mirror, chandelier (all pictured at right), and a tapestry.

The chest, made about 1600, is either French or English. Of oak, it was probably made for the hall of a manor.

The mirror, or pier glass, is dated about 1715 and has decoration built-up with a type of plaster. This is overlaid with gold leaf.

The chandelier (or lantern, to use its correct name) is a mid-19th century replica of one made for Louis XIV at the end of the 17th century.

The late 17th-century



Brussels tapestry has a pastoral design.

★

What's in a name? A professional magician in Italy has an appropriate one — A. Presto!

● World Travel Director John C. Webb (pointing), office worker Helen Cassim, and antiques dealer Trevor Potts admire the old lantern.

## AUSTRALIAN SANG FOR HER SUKIYAKI SUPPER

■ East and West have met very successfully in the life of an attractive Sydney girl.

SHE is 26-year-old Diane Buchanan, of Darling Point, whose introduction to the Orient came when she was a child.

"My father was in the import-export business and we lived in Hong Kong and Japan for several years just after the war," explained Diane recently.

She was 16 before her family settled down at last in Sydney, after visiting Canada and the United States, but it was the East that left an indelible impression on her.

A happy series of events took Diane back to Japan two years ago.

"I had started singing lessons in Sydney — just as a hobby," she said.

"I used to go to a club in the city, where on one night a week amateurs were allowed to air their talents. To my surprise I was 'discovered'."

"Nightclub bookings followed, and I even made a record.

"I thought this was my opportunity to go back to Japan. I went on my own initiative — and within days landed a singing contract in a Yokohama nightclub.

"I sang there for two months.

"I saved up enough money then to spend another month sightseeing.

"I had remembered masses of ruins and very downcast people during my childhood there.

"The change was incredible. There were huge buildings, vast Americanised department stores, new railways, and a fantastic network of roads. The cleanliness of these places was striking.

"The greatest change was in the people themselves.

## ESCAPIST READING

● A librarian's research shows that a British jail prisoner takes out an average of 250 library books a year — against the "outside" reader's average of eight. Rationed to two books at a time, many prisoners take out the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the 20-volume New English Dictionary!

Everywhere I went there were happy crowds — more people than I'd ever seen together before.

"I used to go and have a cocktail often in little wayside bars, called odenya-san, where the simple people gathered — and we would talk informally for hours.

### Hard work

"I learned they have a tremendous pride in their country. They work long, hard hours very conscientiously, because it's helping Japan. They are all very eager to create a good impression, too — and I rarely heard a complaint.

"Their organisation is impressive, too — for example, on the trains each station is announced before you get there."

When she came back to Sydney, Diane, who speaks a smattering of Japanese, went to work for the Japanese Government's National Tourist Organisation.

Not surprisingly, she is eager to go back.

"I am hoping to return in October for six months. It will depend on whether I can get a singing contract first," she said.

## She has millions of babies to worry about

■ Indian social worker Lady Rama Rau, who visited Australia recently, has an unusual family problem. She plans families for millions of women all over the world.

AS the busy world president of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, Lady Rama Rau was on her first tour of Australia.

In 50 years of social work, Lady Rama Rau has battled to abolish child marriages and to obtain equal political rights for Indian women. Now she wants to reduce the misery of overcrowded countries.

Lady Rama Rau said people often question her about Mrs. Indira Gandhi, India's woman Prime Minister. "India accepted the daughter of Mr. Nehru as the rightful heir to the position," she said.

"Mrs. Gandhi had been trained as a statesman by her father. Besides, Indian women hold important positions in all branches of politics. They have achieved positions in their own country that more qualified and more experienced women have not been able to achieve in other countries."

★ Water under the drawbridge . . . Moats and stone walls originally designed to keep people out are now being used to attract "invaders": Two German 17th-century castles have been turned into hotels. Or are they MOATELS?

She attributes this to the long tradition of the importance of women in India.

"Also, our way of life at home means that the older women take an active part in running the household and younger women have time to spend in public life."

Lady Rama Rau's husband, Sir Benegal Rama Rau, was, until his retirement, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank in India. Santha, younger of their two daughters, is the well-known writer.

## BIG HIT

★ Joan Sutherland shows a different musical talent in the Donizetti opera "The Daughter of the Regiment," performed at Covent Garden, London, recently for the first time since 1879. Joan, of course, sings more than she drums.



● Diane singing in a Yokohama nightclub.





## Only one cheese was tasty enough for this

*(The tastiest spaghetti ever—made by Kia-ora  
from a new American recipe worth millions!)*

And it didn't even exist. We had to develop a special cheddar cheese to match exactly the recipe for "Franco-American"—America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti in a can. It had to be matured 12 months. That's *3 months tastier* than most cheddars you can buy.

And this was only the beginning of the

task of re-creating a secret recipe worth millions. Then came the blending with rich, red-ripe tomatoes and spices, and the slow, careful cooking. Then the spaghetti—firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Result? The *sauciest* spaghetti ever—now made by Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous.



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# My Brendan Behan

From page 23

and settling her body, she sang:  
*Sons of the Gael! Men of the pale!  
The long-watched day is breaking;  
The serried ranks of Innis-fail  
Shall set the tyrant quaking.*

We applauded, and Beatrice quietly slipped a bottle of whisky out of her own large handbag and into her mother-in-law's lap. Kathleen flashed her a smile.

"I never touched the drink until I was past 60," she said, "so no one can say I led Bren to the wrong shore. It was from his grandmother. She was an owl-fashioned lady, rest her soul."

"She'd take him to funerals because, with his dark curls, he was so darling it cheered everyone up. And at funerals he learned to drink before he was six."

"I'm of the belief that if you can keep whisky away from young ones until they're up in years, they'll never go down the drain. But when you're my age you need a nip to get yourself on your feet in the morning."

We asked how Brendan Behan had died. "He was in pain," Beatrice said, "and semi-conscious, but he was warm-hearted to the very end. I believe he knew he was dying."

## HIS LAST SMILE WAS TO A NUN

"What was he thinking about at such a time?" we asked.

His mother paused, then said, "Again and again poor Bren told the story of the day he was released from the Borstal prison and expelled from England. He went from the prison gates to the Liverpool docks and got on the steamer."

"He talked of how he stood on the deck as the boat came into Dun Laoghaire, with the green hills all around the bay, and how he walked down the gangway and suddenly met with an Irish immigration officer."

"Passport, travel permit, or identity document, please," said the officer. Brendan handed over his expulsion order. As the good man read it his face changed, Brendan remembered, and with tears the officer said, 'Cead míle fáilte sa bhaile romhat.' It means, 'A hundred thousand welcomes home to you.'"

"And those were Brendan's final thoughts?" we asked.

There was an embarrassed silence. Then Stephen Behan took the pipe from his mouth and said, "Well, not exactly. His last words were to a nursing nun who was holding his pulse. He looked up at her and smiled and said, 'Bless you, Sister — may all your sons be bishops!'"

Beatrice added wistfully, "Now do you see why I miss him?"

## To each, their luxury

AFTER reading Mrs. Raymond's letter about everyday luxuries, I decided that my favorite one is the telephone. It helps me keep in touch with friends, and solves the problem of shopping during illness or very bad weather. I can ring through greetings or messages easily, and arrange spur-of-the-moment outings that usually turn out happier than ones planned a long way ahead.

\$2 to "My Way," Blackheath, N.S.W.

MY luxury is to step into a steaming-hot bath and lie there with the water right up to my chin. Then I browse through a magazine for 15 or 20 minutes. It's so relaxing.

\$2 to Brian Corrigan, Windsor Gardens, S.A.

AFTER spending years in the country with only tank water, and having to watch every drop, my greatest everyday luxury is being able to turn the tap on whenever I please. Even with water restrictions, we have much more water than in those days.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Ballard, Redcliffe, Qld.

A SWIMMING-POOL is my luxury. I enjoy using it every day during summer. In winter the water reflects the sun and brightens the days, and on moonlight nights the reflection of the moon "waves" across the ceiling of my room fascinates me as I lie in bed.

\$2 to "Indeed Lucky" (name supplied), Rochdale, Qld.

MY luxury is being married. I have a fine husband who looks after everything except housework and food buying, which I enjoy. After six years of working for wages, working for love is a real pleasure, an everyday luxury unsurpassed.

\$2 to M'lea (name supplied), Carmel, W.A.

HAVING been a "bushie" for ten years, it is sheer luxury to be able to turn on a hot-water tap. Anyone who has battled with a wood copper or kerosine heater will know what I mean.

\$2 to "Thankful" (name supplied), Mt. Isa, Qld.

MY favorite luxury is not an everyday one. I indulge in it exactly twice a year. I go to the hotel where my husband and I spent our honeymoon and revel in the excellent service for two whole days. I have a menu from which to choose my meals instead of having to cook them, new people to talk to, and I can relax in bed with a good book, between crisp clean sheets, without a care. I feel like royalty for those two days, yet when I go home I am happy to settle in again to the usual routine.

\$2 to Mrs. I. D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.



## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Medal or money?

I ASKED four middle-aged men if they would rather receive money or a medal as reward for bravery. They all emphatically stated "Money." To them a medal meant nothing. Then I asked four middle-aged women, and each one, without hesitation, said, "Oh, the medal." They agreed that there is sentiment attached to a medal, that money can be obtained for any reason, but a medal brings pride and joy to anyone associated with the recipient. I have often thought that since men control the world, perhaps money is the root of all trouble. Let's hope women continue to appreciate things that money cannot buy.

\$2 to "With Pride" (name supplied), Taringa, Qld.

## Taste of memory

I REMEMBER homes visited as a child mainly by the different things I was given to eat or drink. At one little girl's place, we were given home-made lemon syrup in silver christening mugs, served on the side veranda. At another we always had limes to suck. (Are lime trees grown any more?) And, perhaps most unusual of all, at a home where the mother had lived in South Africa before her marriage, we were given biltong (dried meat, usually beef or game) which her relatives used to send. This was a great novelty, though I do not think I liked it much. At this time also, we had carrots to chew, straight from the garden and washed under the garden tap. I am nearly 60, yet I can still remember these things clearly, though many other details of my childhood have long been forgotten.

\$2 to "Memories" (name supplied), Park Orchards, Vic.

## Through a child's eyes

"I'M so happy, Mum, I'm so happy," said my ten-year-old daughter as she filled her very first fountain pen with ink and then proceeded to test it. Oh, to inhabit once more that wonderful world of childhood where the most commonplace action can hold all the excitement of high adventure.

\$2 to C.B. (name supplied), Gardenvale, Vic.

## "Mum at home"

A MOTHER told me she goes to work to give her daughter a university education. She said she could not do it on her husband's average wage. A university education is all very well if parents are in a position to pay. From my point of view, sons and daughters would rather have a relaxed "Mum at home" and an ordinary education than a crotchety tired Mum who keeps telling them she is working for their benefit.

\$2 to "Gran" (name supplied), North Perth.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"SHUT the door!" The old winter cry is heard again in the living-rooms of the land.

In this case, I was addressing my daughter. She was leaving the room during a television commercial.

She made the traditional reply: "I'll only be a sec."

It was too much. "I don't care if you'll only be a sec. Shut the door!" I yelled.

This door is a bad one. If it's only an inch open, an icy wind cuts you to the bone.

Unfortunately, the door has a view of the TV set. So this is what happens:

"Go to bed—you were up too late last night."

"Oh, all right."

The person expelled goes out of the room, almost but not quite, shutting the door. A chill creeps round the knees of viewers inside.

"Shut that door! Are you still standing there?"

"I just want to see what happens to 'Danger Man'."

By leaving the living-room door and the bathroom door both open, it is possible to watch TV from the

## WINTER WHINGE

bathroom while undressing. This is done at times in summer. But I cracked down on it with the first fall of autumn leaves.

There are, too, people who hold the door open and stand there talking.

It is easy to deal with these if they are members of the family.



"I wish I could wear my shift and skivvy to the concert instead of my tunic. Edwina's going to wear her shift and skivvy."

"Don't stand there with the door open. Come in or go out!"

But when the open-doorway burler is a visitor you have a problem.

"Oh, well, I suppose I'd better be getting along."

"It's been nice seeing you, Les."

"Funny thing, I was thinking only last week how long it was since we'd had a good old pow-pow."

"Yes, it's been a case of long time no see."

"I'll tell Mona when she gets back. She'll be keen to hear how you all are."

"Good. Excuse me, I just want to turn this heater up."

"Oh, well, perhaps I'd better be pushing off . . ."

Someone suggested we get one of those door-closing gadgets they have in offices and put it on the living-room door. But I don't want the place to look like an office.

In my youth we used to say to someone who left the door open: "Were you born in a tent?"

It didn't make much sense because even a tent has a flap you can close. But at least it let the offender know you were irritated.

I might adapt it for these people who loiter in doorways.

"Excuse me, Les, were you by any chance born in a cave? Or a tunnel? Or a bus shelter? What I mean is, shut the door!"



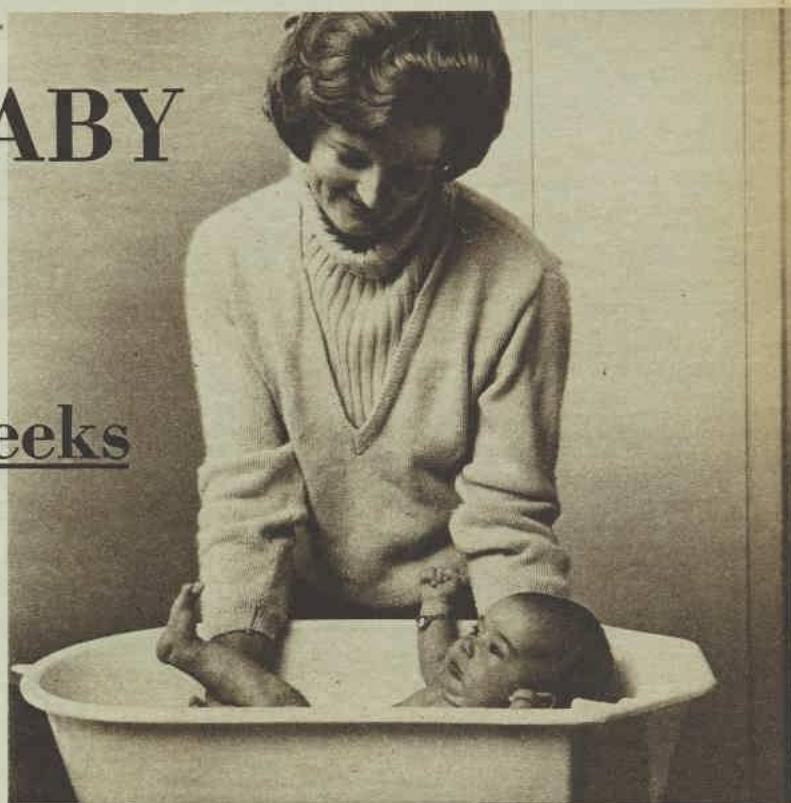
Swimming is the most beneficial of all forms of exercise. Apart from its role as a safety measure, it has therapeutic value in the treatment of asthma, polio, and other handicaps. For the adolescent it provides a healthy outlet for excess energy. To ease tension it is better than tranquillisers if the swimmer knows how to make effortless, automatic movements. It should be the

aim of every parent to make sure their children can swim before school-age. Today's young mother can achieve this by becoming baby's first swimming teacher. The only qualifications she needs are love and commonsense. This is the belief of MAY. M. JONES, holder of a Victorian Amateur Swimming Association Diploma, who tells below how it can be done.

# TEACH YOUR BABY TO SWIM

## —from the age of two weeks

● Not so long ago the idea of giving baby his first swimming lesson at the age of two weeks would have been treated as a joke. Now many swimming experts both in Australia and overseas consider it important for babies to be conditioned for swimming during early infancy.



MRS. LOIS BUCK with her eight-week-old daughter, Kelly Jane, beginning a "swimtime" bath session. A gentle rocking movement is used while the neck and shoulders are supported.

VERY young, healthy babies, because of their capacity to adapt to conditions and environment, respond in an amazing way to carefully planned water routines, if intelligently carried out.

Fear of water, which is carried into adult life, is often acquired before the age of two months, due to incorrect handling at bath-time. This can be avoided if mother takes the time and trouble to make her baby's bath the happiest event of the day.

It is important that these early swimming routines in the bathtub be at the same time each day, and preferably when baby is most relaxed and happy — perhaps just after his first luxurious stretch in the water.

The first step in a baby's introduction to swimming is to hold him on his back with his neck and shoulders well supported and his head clear of the water, and gently rock him back and forth.

This initial exercise should last only seven seconds on the first day, increasing by one second on each successive day until, by the end of a fortnight, the baby is conditioned to a swim session of 20 seconds.

During the entire exercise the mother should croon... "Swimtime now... swimtime now." But from the moment the routine is finished until the next session, there should be no mention of the word "swim."

This crooning as baby is

taken through his exercises will accomplish three things:

A sense of pleasure derived from sharing a happy experience with Mother; the word "swim" will register in that part of his brain that stores impressions; he will look forward to, and expect, his swimming lesson each day at bathtime.

Overstimulation must be avoided, and audiences at lesson-time should be discouraged, so that baby can give his full attention to the exercise.

Subconsciously, as the exercises proceed, the baby will attach great importance to learning to swim.

At one month a baby is much stronger. He will probably give some indication that he is enjoying his bath, and at this stage the mother can get him used to having water over his face.

His daily swimming lesson still will be only 20 seconds in duration, and will consist of the same back-and-forth rocking movement, with one difference: with her free hand, mother should make little wavelets in the water so that it splashes gently across baby's face. About three wavelets will be enough for one session.

The baby will associate the sensation of water over his face with the pleasant sound of his mother's crooning and the rhythm of the exercise.

Therefore, the rocking and the water over his face will become an expected part of his bath routine, and by the time he is two months' old he will be ready for something quite new.



SWIMMING lesson in the pool is given by Mrs. Lois Buck to her two-year-old son, Terry. Mrs. Buck keeps firm grip on the rubber tube.

When he is two months, his legs and arms become very active, so care should be taken to hold him firmly to avoid the risk of dunking.

This is often the time a baby has his first terrifying experience of water by slipping, momentarily, under.

Although this may appear of no consequence to the mother, the impression of fear now has been implanted into the sensitive little brain, and the feeling of insecurity may remain in a hidden corner, possibly to appear as panic in the future.

The daily lessons during the second month — still to the accompaniment of mother's crooning — cover

approximately 30 seconds, and involve an important change of body position.

This is the time when a baby is schooled to the unfamiliar sensation of seeing, not his mother's smiling face, but the water in which he is lying and the sides of his bathtub.

Begin with the usual routine, and continue for approximately ten seconds.

Now, turn baby very gently on to his stomach, making sure his chest and chin are firmly supported, and his face is out of the water.

Do NOT make wavelets over his face while he is in this position. Simply hold

him there for two or three seconds.

Turn him gently on to his back again, and resume the rocking movements and the face wavelets for another ten seconds.

As baby becomes used to the new stomach position, begin a gentle rocking, allowing his arms and legs to move as they wish, and gradually prolong the time on this phase of the routine.

From three to six months a baby is very active, and more time can be spent with the stomach position.

Encourage splashing, and introduce a floating toy (kept for swimtime only), placing it in front of him so that he will be encouraged to go after it.

It is at this stage that the first dog-paddle movement will be seen.

The baby's chin must be always supported, but it is wise to allow an occasional slight dunking while he has his mind on the toy.

Always, throughout the lessons, the word "swim" should be constantly used.

At six months, swimming lessons should be transferred to the family bathtub. Water should be at the usual temperature and same depth used in the smaller tub.

A baby should still, of course, be supported, but in the larger bath he will have to work harder to reach his toy.

Once this new routine is established, and baby is

showing more concentration, mother can buy a small inflatable rubber tube and place it around his chest, just under his armpits.

This will support his shoulders and head while he paddles.

At first the tube should be held gently above baby's back, but as he learns to maintain his balance, the hold may be lessened gradually until he can move without any help.

Rubber tubes at this age should be used only under supervision and in confined areas.


This form of support is dangerous in open waters, as a change of current or a sudden gust of wind could sweep a young child far out of reach and he could slip out of the tube.

When he can paddle in the tube without assistance, he can be taken for an occasional "swim" in the local pool, or other safe place, and preferably with his mother and father. Here, he can be encouraged to paddle from one to the other, going a little farther each time.

As baby gains confidence, a small quantity of air can be let out of the tube at regular intervals until he can dog-paddle alone without any support.

This could happen at any time between the ages of 12 months and two years — and when it does, the time has come for his first appointment with the swimming teacher.





*It was Angie's window on the world  
— a world far removed from a drab cafe  
kitchen... a whimsical short story*

## A PANE OF GLASS

By **LOLA IRISH**

**E**LSIE'S voice was shrill: "One cheese sandwich . . . beans on toast. And where's the salad? Wake up, Angie."

Lady Angela . . . Lady Angela Kirkwood . . . wrapped her mink elegantly about her, for the harbor breeze was cool, and stepped gracefully across the gangway of the overseas liner on to Australia. Ah, the sun, the warm and glowing sun, instead of an English winter. And out there . . . the outback, and crocodile shoots, and native corroborees. All so fascinating . . .

"An . . . gie . . ."

Angie Stubbs hurriedly garnished the salad, pushed it through the servery with the cheese sandwich, and waddled to the toaster. Just in time. She flicked a few specks of carbon from the toast, buttered a slice, halved it, and piled on the beans. A lettuce leaf, a beetroot sliver, and the plate of food disappeared into Elsie's impatient hands.

Angie's dumpy, plump little body moved about the cramped, cluttered kitchen of the "Waterways Coffee Shoppe" with the familiarity of long experience rather than with the surety of youth. She wiped her perspiring forehead on her apron and pushed back her wispy hair.

A busy afternoon in summer, and Sydneysiders took ferry rides and came ashore with hearty appetites. Peg, who came in for "lunches," had been willing to work on today, but somehow . . . Angie chewed on a crust, staring through her window at the beautiful white ship berthed only that morning. Actually, though it meant she was on the go all

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD





# THOSE WHO CARE

A dramatic story by CHARLES SWINK

Before Rick left for the party neither he nor his parents could foresee the events of this fateful night

It was three o'clock on a cold, clear Saturday morning in February when Rick Warren, aware for the first time how late it had become, pulled into the driveway and turned off the radio. If Mum and Dad heard he was in for it again. One o'clock, he had promised them, but time had slipped away while sitting around the juke-box at the Hamburger Palace singing and cutting up with the gang.

Slowly he lowered the garage door to avoid a jarring when it reached the concrete floor, and quietly, feeling a little like a thief, he went in through the kitchen. Brownie's tail thumped lightly on the rubber tile. Poor old Brownie, his ears were still good, but he was getting old to put on the welcome rush the way he used to.

Rick tiptoed upstairs, avoiding the squeaky fifth step, and felt a passing wave of guilt as he passed his parents' door. In his own room he undressed without turning on the light and, listening intently, slipped into bed.

Good! He'd made it!

Of course, this was a mixed blessing. It meant that he'd been in the third degree at breakfast. He could hear it now.

"What time did you get home, dear?" his mother would be trying to make it sound casual, but fully aware that he'd come in later than he had promised.

And his father, pretending to be more interested in the newspaper, would inquire about where he had gone, and with whom, and what time he had taken Sue home.

Well, he wouldn't lie. He had too much respect for his father and for himself, even if they were just the squarest of parents around.

But that wasn't true, he had to admit. They weren't really square. When you got right down to it, they were pretty hep. They didn't talk down to him or his friends, didn't treat his crowd as though they were some sort of weird creatures from outer space, totally beyond comprehension. It was just that they had these crazy ideas—like the curfew kick. Treating a high-school senior like a grade-school kid!

Why, in six months he'd be old enough to register for the draft—and still he had to give departure and arrival times and point of destination every time he went out as though he were a ship or a train or something.

Jim Westphal's folks never bothered him with all that stuff. And Wally Quinn had his own car and a private garage to his room at the back of the house, through which he came and went just as he pleased—as a guy ought to! A man shouldn't have to face the Spanishquisition just because he'd overstepped the mark a little.

Pulling the covers over his shoulders with an aggravated sigh, he hoped that they wouldn't be too rough on him in the morning. It would be awful if Dad grounded him when Mary Ann's big party was coming up next weekend. What in the world would he tell the gang? Sorry, guys, but I've been grounded for a week? No parties, no movies, no allowance—no nothing. Boy, would they ever get the horse laugh!

He was not yet asleep when he heard his door open and sensed his mother's presence.

"Rick? Are you asleep?" she whispered.

He didn't answer and she closed the door softly behind her.

The morning turned out better than he had expected. When he shuffled into the kitchen about ten o'clock his Dad had left on a hurried trip to the office and Mum was having a second cup of coffee.

He quickly steered the conversation to Mary Ann's forthcoming party and what Sue might be wearing. Mum was always interested in that kind of thing—and helpful, too, with suggestions about corsages and stuff.

While they didn't get into a discussion of last night's activities, Rick didn't fool himself that he had out-manoeuvred Mum; she was too sharp for that. He just felt lucky.

And he was lucky, too, that Dad had been too preoccupied with whatever had happened at the office to bring up the subject later. Maybe—it was just possible—Dad and Mum had discussed it in private and decided it was high time to give him a freer hand. Maybe it was the end of being grounded. But he wasn't about to push his luck and ask any questions. Not with Mary Ann's party coming up.

When the evening of the party came around it was cold and a misty rain was falling, but Rick's spirits were high. All his folks had said to him was, "Use your head now. Please don't stay out all night."

The party was great. Sue was dreamy, the eats were solid, and the four-piece combo was really cool. The evening passed before he knew it.

As he went for Sue's wrap he passed Jim Westphal and Wally Quinn in the hall. "Hey, Rick," Jim called out. "How's about we meet at the Hamburger Palace after we drop the girls off?"

"Getting pretty late," Rick said.

"Oh, come on. We'll be there by one-fifteen. Wally has a brand-new wagon he wants to show off."

"No kidding!" Rick couldn't help the envious glance he shot in Wally's direction.

"Man, it's really a shiny hunk of metal. As long as from here to the end of Main Street." Wally stretched his arms as wide as he could. "What do you say, Rick? Coming?"

"Well, OK. But just for a few minutes."

The Palace was jumping with after-party crowds as Rick pulled into the lot and eased up beside Jim's father's familiar red compact. Jim, with Wally sitting beside him, was giving his order to the carhop.

"Where's this new heap I heard so much about?" Rick called.

"Come on, order up and then I'll let you take a look," Wally answered.

Later, Wally pointed toward the corner of the parking area. "How do you like that baby?"

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The sleek black convertible with the white top seemed poised for take-off. Rick whistled and climbed out of his car. Together the boys crossed the lot.

"Where'd you get it, Wally? And what happened to the Blue Beast?"

"The Beast's down at Gus' junk yard. It gasped its last breath and just plain died of old age."

"And your Dad bought you this?" Rick and Jim circled the automobile slowly and respectfully.

"Pretty cool, huh?" Wally grinned. "No, the old man's not going to come across with anything like this. It's my uncle's. Get in and I'll show you how the other half lives!"

Rick glanced at his watch. "Not tonight. It's nearly two. I'd better take a raincheck on the demonstration." But he noticed that Jim had slid next to Wally in the front seat.

"For crying out loud," Wally snapped, "what are you, Cinderella or something? I probably won't get this buggy again for a month or two. Get in!"

"All right, but make it a quick one." Rick could smell the beer in Wally's breath. He wished Wally wouldn't drink so much when he was driving.

The tyres screeched as the convertible shot out on to Markland Road and headed north.

Jim whistled. "Boy, this is travelling first class," he said. "Red

leather and more gadgets than a rocket. What'll she do, Wally? Have you ever let her out?"

"Don't know, but I'll bet that hundred-thirty mark on the speedometer isn't just decoration! Let's see if it is!"

"Hey, take it easy," Rick said. "The road's pretty slick."

"Relax," Wally said. "They haven't made the car yet that I can't handle."

There wasn't any use arguing with Wally when he was like this. He just got nastier and more determined. As it was, he was going fast enough. Cross him and he'd really burn rubber.

Rick was a little worried now, but before he could protest Wally gave it the gun.

The police cruiser spotted them about three miles outside of Linville. Red light flashing, it held steady position behind the flying convertible.

"Pull over, Wally there's a cop behind us!" Rick didn't know why he whispered.

Wally's answer was to try to push the accelerator pedal through the floor. "They've gotta have more than a souped-up baby carriage to catch this boat!"

The car leaped forward, rear end swaying from the thrust of the passing gear, wheels spinning on the rain-slick pavement. The cruiser's siren wailed a warning.

"You're pullin' away, Wally — keep her floored!" Jim's voice was high-pitched with excitement.

**R**ICK forced his eyes to leave the concrete rushing toward them at one hundred miles an hour and focus on their pursuer. The pulsating red light had dropped back a little, he decided. His eyes were drawn back hypnotically to the shining, black pavement flowing toward them and disappearing under the front wheels. Something was tugging at his mind for recognition. Something —

"Wally!" He suddenly remembered. "We're coming to that curve into Linville! Slow it down!"

The headlight beams proved him right, the road curving away to the left as they momentarily picked out the sign: LINVILLE — POP. 3492.

Wally worked the brake pedal, pumping in a desperate effort to control the skid. He was a good driver, but the wet pavement and the speed were too much for him. They almost cleared the fire hydrant — almost, but not quite. There was a sickening crunch as the rear fender struck, then a whirling kaleidoscope of light and sound as they skidded into a lamp-post. Broken glass from the light overhead showered down upon them.

Ten minutes later they were in the Linville police station, an old, converted two-storey residence. The boys sat on metal folding chairs just

To page 34

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## RIVETS



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Rich, delicious American-style coffee, perfect every time because G-E's unique 'Peek-a-Brew' window takes the guesswork out of coffeemaking—tells you exactly how much water to add. Then, simply set the brew selector to mild, medium or strong and your G-E Coffee-maker does the rest—brews from 2 to 10 cups, automatically. Percolates, switches to low, keeps the coffee hot until you're ready... tells you how many cups are left after each serve. The finest coffeemaker in a woman's world... at \$25.95 (£12.19.6).

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# Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies a collection of oriental wares for a New Zealand reader.

I WAS fortunate in acquiring a number of lovely pieces. I had some of them identified, but would like background information on them. Item 1, described as "Kintani," is a jar and cover, decorated with flowers in circular panels. Item 2 is a lovely bowl known as the "Cock Bowl." Described as "Kintani," too, it is decorated with colors and gold.

Item 3 is a lovely bowl, "Imari, a 12 1/2 in.-wide Hachi." It appears to have a Ming mark on the base and is decorated with various colors in special bands. Item 4 is a metal vase, of Chinese origin, I think. It has an exquisite pattern of yellow and red flowers. Item 5, a rounded vase with blue band and blue base, is heavily gilded with oriental scenes. (This piece has never been identified.) Item 6 is an "Imari" Rouge de fer bottle decorated with vine leaves in lavender.

Items 7, 8, and 9 are three beautiful "Imari" dishes. All blue, one, 15 in. in diameter, has a pattern of flowers and leaves in blue and the numbers 94122 on the base. The oval dish features a pattern of fish and waves. The square dish has a rural pattern in blue.—J. Moody, Wellington, N.Z.



"Item 1. Kutani ware."

Your collection of oriental ceramics illustrates some fine examples of the late 19th century.

The vase and cover (shown above) was made at Kutani (not Kintani) in the Province of Kaga, where the earliest pottery was established about the sixteenth century by Tamora Gonzayemon. Kutani signifies literally the nine valleys and it is by this name that recent productions are generally known. Characteristics of Kaga (Kutani) ware are gold designs upon red ground, fretted diaper patterns. Item 2, decorated with a cock and hen, is indeed lovely. The "Imari" bowl (item 3 below) bears a copy of a Ming mark and was made in the Province of Hizen. (Imari is the collecting place from which large quantities of ceramics of the Province of Hizen have been shipped. During the 19th century Imari wares were made at Arita, and in the adjoining kilns at Nangawara, Hokao, Hirose, Ichinose, and Kuromouda.)

The cloisonne enamel vase is Japanese bronze (item 4 top



"Item 3. Imari bowl."

right). The oviform vase (item 5) hand-painted with numerous Japanese figures appears to be an example of Satsuma ware. The Imari "Rouge de fer" bottle (item 6 at right) is of considerable aesthetic appeal. The Imari square dish is skilfully decorated with a rural scene in underglaze blue, while the circular dish (item 8) is an excellent example of Japanese

export-ware. The blue-and-white decorated dish depicting a fish merging through the waves recalls to mind that the Japanese used to hold considerable respect and belief in their forefathers. They remembered the fact that in the early ages of their race they were a nation of fishermen; hence fishes and marine life are often encountered in Japanese art.



"Item 4. Bronze vase."



"Item 6. Imari bottle."

## When in Australia, do as the Romans do!



New! Tagliarini Soup

New! Minestrone Soup

## Serve two NEW soups from Campbell's with the real Italian touch!

Back home in Rome, Mamma made her own. Now she buys Campbell's Minestrone-Parmesan. The chefs at Campbell's put as many vegetables in it as she would herself. Then they add the great Italian favourite — Parmesan cheese. Stirring and simmering it the way Mamma would — if she had all the time in the world to make it good!

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(Say Tag-lee-ar-reen-ee)

## Campbell's Soups

made to a recipe — not just a price!

\* Reg'd trade mark



# AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:  
Week starting June 22

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, grey, lilac.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

\* Romance is favored on the 28th and the 29th-31st brings stabilizing influences to the marriage front. Ideal for a lasting partnership — matrimonial or business.

\* A good time to spend the weekend looking for that dream allotment. Travelling will be pleasant, and besides there are romantic advantages. Avoid legal business.

\* Mars is making you a trifle impatient. If you follow through and blast off with that new idea, you'll reap a dividend-rich reward. And it could prove very interesting in the process.

\* The week begins your number one cycle of get-up and go-go, and there's nothing to prevent a happy count-down. Weekend is best, but beware when travelling. Be on the alert for hazards.

\* You could receive surprise assistance from an older friend, or one in authority, especially at the weekend. However, keep the money-bags sipped.

\* One of the major disaster aspects is gradually passing for the third and last time. Look forward to the break. Good for consolidating status or career.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 24-DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, green.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, green, white.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, black, red.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

\* Love, romance, and marriage all receive strong and stable influences. It's a good time to begin anew, or take a personal inventory. Shelve important letters.

\* If you wish to strengthen a romance, or build up a lasting friendship, now's the time — particularly at weekend. Watch the family front.

\* Permanent friends and lasting liaisons are favored this week. There may be a windfall for some. But nothing new — routine only — so hold your horses!

\* A good week for what Capricorns value most — a boost in career and status. Your ruling star is happy and helps to stabilize romance and love.

\* Good for lottery, and if you have anything to do with legal eagles, favorable to assist them in their eeries. Partnership, marriage, and finance favored.

\* Perhaps you feel as though a weight is lifting; anyhow, it's a week with scope for solid achievement. Upset in status for some.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ built-in germ-fighting action!



## THOSE WHO CARE

Continued from page 32

outside the wooden railing which separated them from the desk of the officer on duty, a round-faced sergeant who told them twice it was a miracle that none of them had been hurt and that they ought to thank their lucky stars. The boys kept staring at the floor.

But Rick looked up when the sergeant reached for the telephone and dialled a number, glancing at the notes he had made. Finally he replaced the receiver and said, "Quinn, there's no answer at your house. Are your parents in town?"

Wally blinked. "Sure. There's a party on somewhere."

"Know where it is?" the sergeant asked.

"No."

Rick looked at Wally. His parents didn't tell him where they could be reached when they went out?

The officer consulted his notes. "Westphal!" Jim straightened in his chair.

The sergeant asked, "Your folks at home?"

"My father's out of town. Mother's sick. She probably won't answer the phone."

"If she's that sick, why aren't you at home with her?"

JIM was silent. Rick watched him from the corner of his eye. Everyone knew Mrs. Westphal was an alcoholic. Well, he guessed that was a disease, all right.

A door opened in the rear of the building and a uniformed patrolman came into the room blowing on his hands. He leaned over and spoke in undertones to the sergeant. The sergeant nodded and handed a sheaf of papers to the patrolman, who walked swiftly out of the room. A door slammed.

"Warren!"

Rick jumped. "Yes, sir."

"Do you know where your parents are?"

"Yes, sir. They're at home — probably in bed."

The sergeant looked at his watch. "Amazing! Do you think they'll answer the phone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's hope so. We're pretty full tonight. I don't know where we'd put any more guests." He picked up the phone.

The call was answered so quickly that Rick knew that Mum or Dad — or both — had been waiting for him to come in. Somehow the thought didn't irritate him as it usually did.

"Mr. Warren?" The sergeant's voice was crisp, efficient. "This is the Linville police department — Linville, yes. We have your son" — he consulted his notes — "Richard, here, with a couple of other young fellows."

Rick could envisage the scene at home — Dad sitting on the edge of the bed, Mum anxiously close to his shoulder with worry whitening her lips as she listened to the one-sided conversation.

"No, no one injured," the sergeant was saying. "The spin slowed them down before they hit the light pole. However, there's a matter of destruction of city property and a stolen car involved."

It didn't register at first. Rick was listening to the continuing conversation when it struck him.

"Stolen!" He whirled on

Wally. "You said that was your uncle's car!"

Wally's confidence was purely bluster now. "It is his car! He'd have let me use it, but he wasn't home when I went to get it. I happen to know where he keeps a key hidden under the hood, so—"

Rick turned to Jim. He was slumped in his chair, staring vacantly at the floor.

"Did you know...?"

"Yeah, I knew. I didn't think it would hurt anything."

"What's the matter with you guys? Don't you—" Rick subsided, bewildered. The sergeant's voice reached him again.

"... wonder if you could come down..."

Rick stared at the sergeant in amazement. Wonder if — of course his dad would come!

He did. When he walked in, shaking the rain from his grey topcoat, his face was unreadable. He nodded gravely to the three boys and turned to the sergeant.

"I'm William Warren."

Rick had never noticed how solid his father appeared. He had always thought of his father as medium height, maybe a little short, and medium build, maybe a little chunky; but tonight he looked — well, solid and ten feet tall.

The sergeant and his father had a low-toned conversation. Then the sergeant made a phone call, and when he hung up he turned to the boys.

"Warren," he said, "I'm releasing you into the custody of your father. Quinn, I've just reached your uncle. Lucky thing he has a second car. He's coming by to pick up you and Westphal. It's up to him to decide whether to press charges concerning the car. You will be charged with speeding and destruction of city property."

Rick got up and walked toward his father. He wanted to say something, but when their eyes met he knew it wasn't necessary. Not that Dad was smiling; he wasn't. But there was a clear, level gaze and it met Rick head on. Rick managed a small smile, both apologetic and appreciative, and together they walked out of the door.

Mum was waiting in the car, wearing a raincoat over her nightgown. "Are you all right?" she asked quietly as he got in beside her.

He nodded, unable to talk just yet.

Dad started up the motor. "Where did you leave the other car, Rick?"

His voice sounded hoarse. "At the Hamburger Palace. Over on Markland Road." He cleared his throat. "Dad?"

"Yes."

"I wasn't drinking, and I didn't know Wally took the car without his uncle's permission."

"I know that." His dad's voice was kind of flat — but good-sounding, too. "You did know that Wally had been drinking, though, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have a watch, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rick, you know the rules and you know the penalties. You're grounded — for two months."

Grounded. That meant he wasn't free to come and go as he pleased. It meant he wasn't loose; he was tied down. Grounded meant he had something pretty solid under him.

Funny — he felt kind of warm inside.

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THE NATURAL LOOK  
by **napro**



# How did I fail my daughter?

*Why does an apparently happy, normal child suddenly become uncontrollable? A baffled Queensland mother says, "Where did I go wrong?" and asks for advice from readers.*

**M**Y heart feels as if it is breaking as I write this. I am the mother of a delinquent, 14-year-old girl, who was almost charged with being uncontrollable, exposed to moral danger, and a neglected child.

I can still hear the words of the policeman who came to tell me my daughter had been found, after being missing all night and day, in the flat of a long-haired, dirty group of individuals who had nothing in their favor but that they could make a living playing at dances and stomps.

I can still hear her screaming at me, "I hate you, I hate you," after the police had brought her home.

Why did it happen? I know that psychiatrists, welfare people, the churches, and others blame parents for the trouble their children cause, but when you have done your best why do things go wrong?

## It was go out to work or put the children in a home

I was left a deserted wife with two children—a son, 5, and a daughter, 3. I was 27, had no money, and lived a thousand miles from my people.

I had to work to keep the children, or place them in a home. I couldn't bear to part with them, so I took a job.

After a while I received the widow's pension and only had to work part-time. Even so it was a hard life, and at times I almost gave up in despair.

Always, though, I thanked God I had my children, as I loved them very much. We never had any luxuries, but we had a decent home, food, and clothes.

Life was very lonely, and many times I would cry after the children were asleep. I felt a failure when I saw other families happy and complete with a father. My own children's father had so little regard for them that he could walk out and forget we existed.

## Remarriage brought new security, and a happier life

However, I was given another chance. I met a good man who loved me. When I obtained a divorce for desertion we were married.

My children were then ten and eight. My husband legally adopted them and provided us with a good home. We were happy.

I thought my worries were over. My husband was strict, but good and kind. We had no money worries and life moved along normally.

Then, as my daughter reached her teens, a change came over her. She missed days

at school, got into bad company, and took no interest in anything but pop music.

She wouldn't study and became sullen and resentful with us.

Any boy with long hair seemed to fascinate her no matter what he looked like. When I wouldn't buy her outlandish clothes she borrowed them from her friends.

Life became a daily battle, a nightmare. I forbade her to associate with friends with bad names.

I went to see the principal of her school (who didn't seem too fussy if she came to school or not), and I had our minister talk it over with her.

I tried to be kind and understanding. That failed.

I belted her. It made no difference. We took her to the pictures and beaches. We allowed her to attend the school socials, only to find later that after we had dropped her at the school she would leave and go to the local sound lounge, a gathering place for the "way out" element of the town.

The worry began to get me down and I had to have medical attention. My doctor assured me it was just a passing phase, to be patient, and it would pass.

Then came the morning I went into her bedroom to wake her for breakfast and found she had gone.

We searched everywhere. I felt in a daze by the end of that day. We found that one of the girls I'd forbidden her to associate with had gone, too.

With fear in my heart for her safety, I finally asked my husband to contact the police.

The rest I have already told.

Now she is home again, on a behaviour bond, barred from pictures and dances.

She doesn't seem to have any remorse, while my world seems to have fallen apart. My mind is in a constant turmoil.

What does one do when this happens? Who bears the blame? Is it I for having married a rotter in the first place? Or the world of today for the way it is?

Would someone please tell me how to cope with this for my daughter's sake?—"UNHAPPY MOTHER" (name and address supplied).

## Looking back, I liked

● Kindergarten and primary days were sweet but worrying. I loved what I call the "tween" years, with all their snags.

**A**LTHOUGH they were complicated, hobbledehoy years, when every minor event was like nations going to war, they were wonderful years I now regard as Tweenage.

I am sorry my tweenagers are now through those lovely years. That is, sorry for me.

From 13 to 19 they are "off the floor" in every way, big enough to take responsibility and carry out quite big assignments for the family, yet too young to take over the garage and kitchen completely. (I suppose, when they're married and gone, I'll wish them back in their early twenties.)

During the tweens they used to say: "Mum, would it be all right if I make coffee for the gang tonight?"

"Dad, I'll be coming home pretty late from lifesaving practice. Can I have your easy side of the garage?"

They were lovely years, although as a mother I was bent double picking-up after them and putting away. At least I was able to have a good quiz at everything that was going on. Now it's all locked up. My fun is spoiled!

Nowadays, it's "Mum, you old poppet, I wish you'd learn to go to bed earlier when I bring friends home. You need your beauty sleep." Or, "Will you and Dad be going out tonight, Mum? Please do. Have yourself a ball."

As for the garage, Dad's car is taken out and moved to the hard side so often that eventually I know it will stay there, while John swans in and out the easy side to his heart's content. That is, when he doesn't

take the big car and leave his little one in the hard side for us.

At fifty-plus, I think a man deserves the easy side. His neck doesn't bend quite so easily, he is starting to creak a bit here and there, and he has earned the first look at the paper and the strongest cup of tea.

But large bronzed hands stretch out. "Sorry, Pop, I just want to see who's won. You can have it in a minute. Who's taken all the good tea? Make some more, Mum."

By JODIE ETON

You are, of course, perfectly willing, but you tire more easily. Nevertheless, they have schedules to keep, while one day is much the same as another to you. You are a household of adults all wrestling for supremacy, or priority, but somehow Mum and Dad seem to do all the work while the "kids" still have all the fun.

They get so big! A moment ago they were lovable puppies, and now they are great big alsatians with appetites to match.

And all their friends are the same size . . . enormous people, with enormous appetites and zest for life.

Just as you sit and dream over television they tramp in, no longer children: young men and women with long legs, long arms, white teeth, gay laughs.

You are bowled over by the healthiness and size of them, and you and Dad settle down together, feeling very Darby and Joan (though you are still in your prime), while the kitchen pulses like a ship's galley.

If you go cowardly to bed you hear the refrigerator chugging along, protesting that the door has been open too long. You hear the pop bottles klunk out on to the concrete landing, you smell the coffee sneaking through your keyhole, hear the cake tins snapping open, and mentally you groan: "I'll have to go shopping again tomorrow. I thought I was right for a few days and could make a dress or something."

That's another thing. If you were making a dress you'd find it removed and hung over a chair. Your daughter's dress would be in command of the machine.

I never did feel sentimental about the very young years. Days of infancy, kindergarten, and primary school were tender and sweet, but I was the worrying mother who saw every step and stair as a death-trap, every bus as a juggernaut, every hot stove as Dante's inferno, every deep-freeze as a morgue, and I was glad when my children were big enough to know when the oven was on and a car was coming.

I would waken in the night and clutch my sleeping husband, thinking he was a pram running downhill.

But I loved the tweens with all their snags. The worst are untidiness, over-dramatised heartaches, and weird hairstyles. None of these things is very important when you look back.

If you are plagued by these worries, just say to yourself: "It will all straighten out by the time they are 21, and by then I'll be put severely in my place as a *passer* old dear who doesn't know how to arrange a room properly."

Tweenagers are as charming as colts and



# WHO WANTS TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY?

● *What a marvellous excuse this phrase is for sheer laziness!*  
*says a Sydney reader, who refuses to be a greying granny.*

SO — I put a rinse through my hair every month, I cold-cream my face every night, I watch my diet, and I dress the best my not-too-big budget will allow.

I'm not a wealthy socialite, I'm not a teenager, I'm not out to catch a man. As a matter of fact, I'm a grandmother approaching 63, living in a small suburban flat with a contented husband that I've had for 42 years (and reckon I'll keep till I die, even though I do continually pickle onions and

bake cakes for charity bazaars).

What I really am is one DETERMINED old biddy who refuses pointblank to "grow old gracefully."

What a marvellous excuse that phrase is for sheer laziness!

## Just a put-off

Grow old gracefully, my foot. It's just a convenient put-off for lazy women who find it too much exertion to spend a bit of time and trouble to make themselves look as nice as they can, not only for their own self-respect but for their husbands and families.

I'll admit it's quite a thing on some mornings, when you'd much rather be lying in bed, to get up and get the dark-brown-rinse apparatus ready. But if I had to look in the mirror every day and see the greying, streaky tresses that I should have, I'd not only feel like Methuselah but I'd be a dead-ringer for his sister.

I'm not a vain woman or an aging Delilah. I started rinsing my hair and looking after my skin some years ago, because I reckoned my husband deserved it.

But in taking this care of myself I quickly discovered that the phrase "You're only as old as you feel" was a thousand times more reward-

ing than "growing old gracefully."

Have you ever taken a good, long look in the mirror when the rinse is beginning to fade and you realise what your husband has to look at for the rest of his married life?

You feel old and weary and wonder whether it's all worth it. But take another look when the rinse is complete and you'll immediately feel years younger, your spirits will rise, your tired-

ness will drop, and you'll be ready to face the day's monotonous chores with renewed vim and vigor.

I have found that looking younger, even at nearly 63, really does make you feel younger, and when you feel that way you automatically repudiate a lot of the aches and pains that develop because you expect them to develop when you've reached the static sixties.

And I get my continual reward for trying to stay

young for my family from the steady love of my husband, my good health, and the admiring comments of my grandsons, who tell me I'm a wonderful old bat for my age.

So, if you ask a faded, grey-haired "sixtyish" whether she ever uses a rinse and she tells you in a horrified voice that she believes in "growing old gracefully," remember my story and ask yourself honestly: which one of us is crazier?

## An ENGAGEMENT is announced...

● *A New Zealand reader says what should be the happiest time of a young couple's life is often spoiled by the attitudes of both lots of parents. She suggests that things would be happier if the prospective in-laws were less critical.*

THE evening my daughter's engagement was announced, we asked a few close friends around to celebrate. Hearing a car arrive, I ran out to greet them, and found it was the Vicar come to call.

Happy and excited over the engagement, I told him the good news and invited him to come in and join our celebration.

"You're pleased about the engagement?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm delighted. James is the nicest boy."

"You really are pleased!" he said, his eyebrows rising.

"Of course I'm pleased. You sound surprised."

"Lots of people aren't, you know," he said. And with that rather cryptic remark he congratulated me and took his departure.

## "How lucky!"

You see. How easily I might have voiced some slight disappointment and set the ball of disparagement rolling, gathering momentum with every turn.

Later my son became engaged and most people asked me was I pleased.

When I said yes, many remarked how lucky I was, and went on to pour out tales of woe about future sons-in-law and daughters-in-law who were not at all the types of persons they

would have chosen to marry their children.

Unfortunately, many parents imagine their children are perfect; therefore, nobody could possibly be good enough for them. They view their boy- or girlfriends with a coldly critical eye and soon discover a variety of reasons why they just won't do.

Young people are quick to sense antagonism, even when it is never voiced, and when they are ill at ease they don't tend to show up at their best.

Maybe I am lucky. I am happy about the marriages my children have made. But—and this is a big but—I did have enough sense to realise that nobody in this world is perfect, not even my own children, and I didn't expect my future in-laws to be perfect, either.

Here are a few hints which might help the mother of a teenage family.

● Encourage your children to bring their friends home. Make them feel welcome any time, all the time.

● Don't try to have your house perfect and your meals elaborate, and never fuss or apologise about things. Just let them feel you are pleased to see them, and give them whatever happens to be on the menu, whether it be roast duck, bacon and eggs, or bread and cheese. They won't mind, and couldn't care less whether the house is tidy or not.

● It's handy to have a supply of tinned or frozen food to help cope with a

sudden influx of hungry young people, but if you are caught short, don't worry; as long as they feel welcome, they won't worry what they eat.

● Keep the spare beds made up ready for use. Many a morning we wake to find a visitor or two has been brought home from a party the night before. Even if they arrive while we are still on deck, it's so much less fuss if the beds are made up and ready.

## Enjoy them

The joy of all this is that you will know and enjoy your children's friends and they will know and like you.

If the children should become friendly with the wrong type, don't try to tell them. They are most likely to realise it for themselves when they see that person among their other friends and against their home background.

And don't tell me you can't do all this because your husband is difficult. I have heard that complaint so often, and I think a great number of husbands are difficult at this time of life.

When their daughters acquire a steady boyfriend or their sons achieve some success, jealousy is quick to raise its head, but it's up to you to snap him out of it.

Be a friend to your children while they are still with you and the young folk are thronging to your home, and I hope that you, too, are lucky with their marriages.

## the Tweenage best

illies running their first race. They still turn back for advice, and everything they can do you can still do better. The best time of all is when you discover you don't have to let down or out their school uniforms any more.

Then, suddenly, they are in their twenties and you are a couple of dear old duffers hiding in the bedroom while they take over.

You remember yourself in your bridal gown, mutely praying that if children came along you would be able to improve the breed, not go backward down the family tree.

Nearing your silver wedding you can look back on work well done. With the knowledge of vitamins and other short-cuts your mother never knew, you had every chance to produce tall thoroughbreds who proceed to eat you out of house and home.

As you lie in bed and hear them and their friends munching, you wonder aloud: "Do their mothers get the same treatment?" You can only hope so, though you sometimes wonder. They always seem to be at your place.

## Firmer next time

If there were anything I would alter about the tweens, it would be my own attitude. I would be firmer about homework, stricter about long telephone conversations, more impatient with time-wasting friends.

I would intervene and say firmly: "Now look, Patsy, dear, Jan has to pass her exams this year. We can't afford for her to fail, so please ring up only about urgent things during homework time. I'm sure you want to get through, too. Now that's an order, not a request. We just can't afford failure." It would be good for both parties, and, of course, I'd have to watch out that mine didn't transgress this way.

I would give my children more jobs about the house and avoid that "Where's the sugar

kept?" outlook. I'd make them work harder all round, and I wouldn't be nearly such a softie with them or their friends. I would draw a line between human kindness and straight-out softness.

Young people soon sort out the homes they can take over and wear out their welcome in a minor form of gate-crashing. I do not refer to those who stop by to pass the time of day and continue on their way after a drink of pop and a bun.

When eventually you do have to turn the tedious types away you are labelled as a horror, while they still retain a mighty respect for the parents who said all along: "You can stay for an hour. John's going to bed at nine."

I would also be firmer about the radio, TV, and telephone, telling my children and others quite clearly that these things have to be earned and paid for. They are privileges, not chattels.

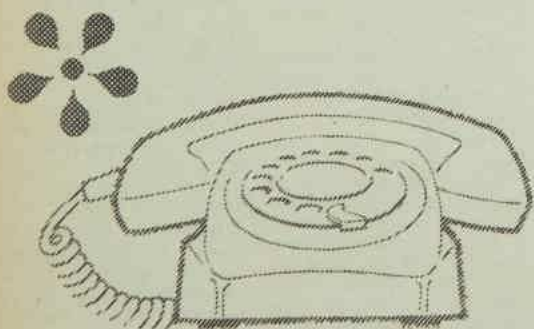
The question of our children drinking and smoking has not arisen, simply because we have always been very firm about this. "Drinking and smoking are only for those who know they can afford to."

I would follow this policy into more avenues of family life and cut out many extravagances which at the time saved me an argument. I think my generation has been too kind, too soft, too grateful for the opportunity to raise a family. After the horror of war we were so glad to be alive, to have a husband when so many men were killed, that we became over-indulgent.

We also had the means to limit our families to more or less the number we wanted, and we over-indulged this small number so that no harm would come to them (physically, anyway). Whereas our mothers and grandmothers had babies tumbling along, and not always the wherewithal to clothe, educate, and feed them as desired.

The more spartan approach was, I think, the better one. Children appreciate things only when they earn them by themselves.





## TIME TO RELAX

Why rush about? Take time off for that relaxed family weekend at home. Keep up with what's going on by telephone.

The cost is low — 3 local calls for just 10c. Trunk calls are cheap too — check in the front pages of your telephone directory.

## VISIT THE RELAXED WAY BY TELEPHONE

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# AT HOME ... with Margaret Sydney

● When I was a child I can remember complaining bitterly that at school we'd embarked on the learning of our first foreign language, that French was hopelessly difficult; I'd never learn it.

THE relative to whom I complained looked at me with a poker face and said, "Oh, I don't think you'll have any trouble. It's a very easy language to learn. In fact, it's so easy that even little children of three and four in France speak it quite fluently."

I laughed merrily at this, because all the grown-ups were laughing. But it didn't seem funny to me. On the contrary, it seemed to be just a further proof that everything at school was going to be very uphill, because I was dumber than most.

I was reminded of this the other day when a foreign-born friend said, "How do you pronounce the name H-u-g-h-e-s?"

"Hews," I said.

"Why?" she said, with a belligerent look in her eye. We've been through this before. Her English is good, but she's often beaten by new words that she's never heard said. And then she wants to know why. What can you say? ... except, "Well, because we do."

This doesn't satisfy her a bit. She tells me that in the other languages she speaks (and there are several of them) there is only one way of spelling any one sound.

Now, I'm no linguist (perhaps because I developed a sense of inferiority at an early age when told that French children had no difficulty with the language I found so difficult?), and I don't know whether she's one hundred percent right in this.

She probably is. Anyway, I bet no other language is crazy enough to have "ough" make five completely different sounds the

way we do in bough, cough, rough, through, and bought.

When it comes to proper names, the going must get even tougher for people trying to learn the language. Why should war be war, and wick be wick, and Warwick be Worrick? How do we get Ingalls out of Inglis, Marchbanks out of Marjoribanks, Maudlin out of Magdalene, and Mackle-cuddy out of MacGillicuddy?

And, to make it more difficult, some of the bearers of these names pronounce them the first way, and some pronounce them as they're spelt.

## Six ways of spelling the same name

WE go even further than that in confusing the newcomer. We often have five or six different ways of spelling the same name. How can you know whether a new acquaintance is McDonald or MacDonald, Stephens or Stevens, Login or Logan, Johnson, Johnston, or Johnstone?

One emotion common to all mankind is a dislike of having one's name spelt wrongly. Somehow it seems vaguely insulting. We feel, even if there's no logical reason why we should, that people ought to be able to spell our name.

Parents, by the way, ought to bear this in mind when choosing names for their young. I've been in strife for years with Kat for giving her a name nobody ever gets right at the first four attempts.

We spell it Katherine. Friends and acquaintances, people who send her bills, and people who put her on lists spell it Catherine, Katharine, Catharine, Kathryn, and Cathryn.

Diana fares better, though sometimes people annoy her by doubling the n. Mike's own spelling is still so extraordinary that I doubt if he'd even notice what anyone did to any part of his name. He belongs to the "call me anything you like as long as it's not late for dinner" brigade.

Apparently Ogden Nash has this difficulty with his friends' names. He once wrote a gorgeous poem called "What's in a Name? Some Letter I Always Forget."

In the poem, after going through a whole list of names he can't spell, he ends with:

"Give me a simple name like Taliaferro or Wambsganss or Toporcer or Joralemon or Mankiewicz, that any schoolboy can spell, Because many former friends thought I was being impolite to them, When it was only because I couldn't remember whether they were Stuarts with a U or Stewarts with an E-W that I didn't write to them."

The thing about proper names, I suppose, is that their pronunciation is fixed by custom, and that customs do change, very gradually.

Somewhere along the line we decided that Australia was to be pronounced Ostralia, in spite of the Englishman's overwhelming desire to see it called Orstralia.

## When Adelaide was called "Adlid"...

THERE'VE been some changes in our capital city names, too. Once upon a time, I'm told, the residents of Adelaide called their city Adlid, using the customary English pronunciation of the word as a girl's name.

Now it seems only diehards of the older generation do that, and the rest of the populace has settled for the pronunciation Adel-aide.

Nobody can very well fiddle about with the pronunciation of Sydney, Perth, or Hobart, and Melbourne remains Melbn, thank goodness.

But have you noticed recently how, on the air and on television, Brisbane is becoming Bris-bane, instead of the more familiar Brisbn we all grew up with?

Somebody ought to conduct an opinion poll in the streets of Queensland's capital, and find out how the majority of local residents pronounce it. Local custom, surely, should be the guide in place-name pronunciation.

There's a town in South Australia called Nuriootpa. I'm told that the residents always spell it correctly, but pronounce it Nuriootpa.

I hope this is true. It shows admirable sense and independence. And it's much too hard to pronounce the other way.

To you and your family—Here's good health!

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ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TABLET FORM

# DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER





SLATTED roof (above) gives interesting light patterns to passageway adjacent to the kitchen.

BEHIND the bar (right) are two sinks, a refrigerator, and an automatic ice-maker.

LIVING - ROOM (below), with conversation pit. Gold-glazed mural by Gerard Havekes.



EXTERIOR of the house, showing the wide expanse of split cedar shake roofing — which quickly weathers from a pinky color to a rich grey.

# MAGNIFICENT OUT-OF-TOWN FAMILY HOME

● This is the house that has everything. Overlooking Pittwater, N.S.W., the house was designed for Mr. and Mrs. Little by architect Douglas Snelling, who paid special attention to the planning of even the smallest detail — to ensure for the owners complete luxury living.

Continued on page 43







**HUGE** western red cedar beams (above) form main roof structure of the house; also provide support for trellis decking over part of the moat, seen here from the entrance bridge.

## ● HOUSE of the WEEK

**NORTHERLY** aspect of house (right). Sun reflects shadow of trellis roof on to the living-room floor, while, also due to sun, shimmer from the water is reflected on the ceiling.

**DINING-ROOM** (left), three steps down from the living-room, has Persian silk handwoven carpet. Above the sideboard is a metal, ceramic, and glass sculpture by G. Havekes.





# A 12 lb. washer is great if you have 12 lbs.

Unfortunately, though, not everyone wants to wash 12 lb. of clothes every time.

Being human, sometimes you get caught between washloads — and you want to wash 3 lbs. Or 2 lbs.

Or even 1 lb.

You just can't do this in most automatic washers. The amount of water, hot-water and electricity they consume makes it almost sinful to wash 1 lb. of clothes in them.



So, up to now, you and thousands like you have been hand-washing those small loads in the bathroom basin or the laundry tub or a plastic bucket.

With a lovely big automatic washer standing by, unused.

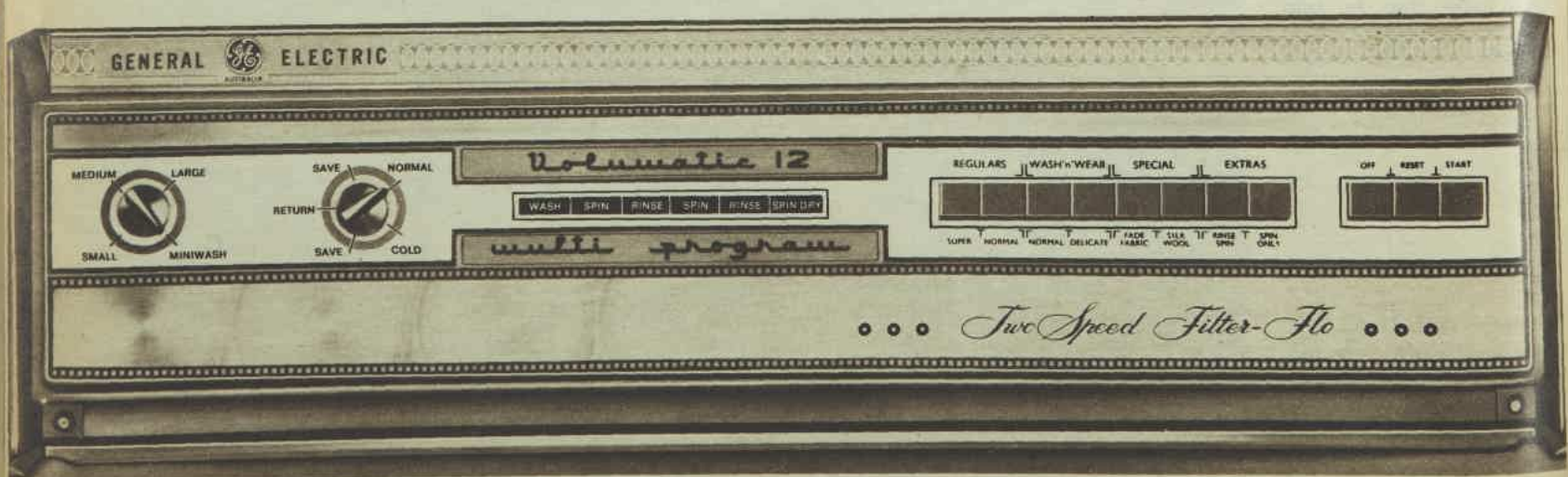
General Electric has changed all of this. We give you: Mini-Wash. A special cycle on our control panel combines with a small basket you fit inside the washer. The cycle uses ten gallons, instead of 25. So now, you don't have to wait until you have saved up a full load of clothes. You can also wash 3 lbs. Or 2 lbs. Or 1 lb.

Also on this new washer, you get a fully automatic suds saver, and twelve different washing programmes. (It is the first true push-button washer. That's all you have to do: push-buttons. No dial setting.) There are fully automatic programmes for every piece of washable clothing in the house.



Including (in the Mini-Wash) a Barbie Doll outfit.

Progress is our most important product.





## HOUSE of the WEEK

ORNATE copper entrance doors (right), designed and executed by Gerard Havekes, are insets of pieces of thick colored glass.

Pictures by Ron Berg



THE house pictured on this and two previous pages is surrounded on two and a half sides by a 12ft.-wide moat — with two waterfalls allowing for changing land levels.

Gas flares illuminate the moat at night—the cluster is concealed in some rocks by the front door; another lot are near the balcony inside the main bedroom.

Beneath the house is a self-contained flat ideal when the family's eldest son, who is married with two children, comes to stay.

As well as a capacious garage for the family cars, there is a separate parking area for guests, from which a drive, lit up at night, slopes gently down to the house.

The house is built of convict-made sand-lime bricks and Canadian western red cedar. These materials are exposed in all main living areas and harmonise with built-in units of Australian palauquium timber.

The roofing—of which there is 100 squares—is of split cedar shakes (or shingles), which weather quickly to a rich dark grey.

A clerestory runs two-thirds of the length of the house, providing additional daylight throughout the day; fluorescent lighting concealed in the clerestory gives the same effect at night.

The architect believes, wherever possible, in seeing two-thirds land and one-third sky, "to combat sky glare and eye fatigue."

To this end, outside the living-room area three steps lead down to the pool level, while an "eyebrow" (the architect's terminology) is formed by the roof being cantilevered out beyond the steps. This also, of course, controls the amount of sun entering the living-room.

The house is fully air-conditioned, but no registers are visible. Doors throughout the house are louvred to allow free circulation of the air.

### Uniform flooring

Excepting the kitchen, which has red Spanish floor tiles offsetting the palauquium wood furniture and stainless-steel built-in equipment, all flooring, both inside the house and around the pool, is the same.

A material had to be found that was elegant (for inside), light in color (to com-

bat the heat outside), non-slip (for beside the pool), and with lasting qualities (to withstand, outside, both pool water and sun).

The travertine marble that was eventually decided upon was filled (this material is always heavily grained and fissured) where used inside, and the outside area paving was left unfilled. This, while looking similar to that indoors, provides an excellent non-slip area round the pool.

The house being gutterless, rain is directed variously, by the angle of the roof, to the moat, the garden, or the pool area. The latter slopes slightly to a drain running round the pool, which also, of course, catches water splashed by swimmers.

A trellis roof overhangs the moat at the end of the living-room; when in the north the sun reflects the shadow of the trellis on to the living-room floor, and the shimmer from the water on to the ceiling.

### Piped music

In the house, and beside the pool, are a number of speakers through which stereophonic music can be piped. Each room has separate controls.

The choosing of the majority of the furnishings in the house was a co-operative venture between the architect and the owners.

The beautiful handmade carpets come from China, as do a number of big bronze lamps.

The vast area of the exterior of the house beneath the main living area, which incorporates the self-contained flat, is of dark burnt bricks, "to blend as far as possible with the general landscape," said the architect, "the idea being that this area should be as inconspicuous as possible, with the white band of balustrade and the external staircase as the objects which draw the eye away from such a massive shape."

To incorporate a boathouse, land giving directly on to the beach was excavated, the boathouse and underground steps leading to it built, and land filled back over it.

Halfway down the steps are shower-rooms and what will eventually be used as a big recreation room.

The visible part of the boathouse (the front, with the doors) is painted earth color—again in order to blend with the landscape.

— Shan Hailey



HALL LAMPS in corner come from a Persian harem. Seen from outside, the colored glass in the entrance doors glows most effectively at night.



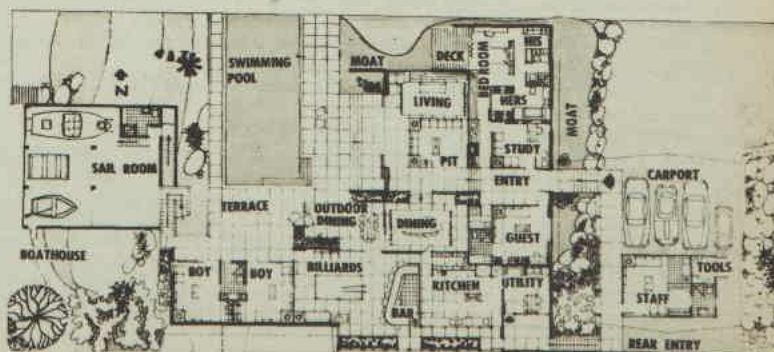
PATTERNED BEDSPREADS and curtains in the master bedroom are of same fabric, and one of the colors is repeated in a Thai silk wall covering.



ONE OF TWO almost identical boy's bedrooms. The open door at right of the picture leads, through a bathroom, to the other boy's bedroom.



• North elevation







## Happiness is sharing!

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# FINAL ACT

By **HERBERT HARRIS**

Could Paul bluff

his way out of this grim situation? . . .

a short short story



IN the pit at the Regency Theatre, London, Paul Bailly watched the stage curtains, waiting for them to part and reveal the acting genius of his sister Joy . . . the sister who filled his thoughts.

She had always been clever. Now she was star of the show at the Regency. The critics had raved about her. So she would be getting all the lolly she liked to ask for.

"And so shall I," Paul told himself. She had been silly to try to dodge him. Did she think that moving to a new flat would do her any good? All he had to do was follow her after the show.

Some time later, as a taxi halted outside Milton Mansions, another drew up behind it. And soon after the actress shut the door of her flat the doorbell rang.

"Hi, little sister," Paul said when she opened the door. "Did you think you could hide away from Big Brother Paul?"

She tried to shut the door, but he put his foot in it. "Not so fast . . . I want to have a little talk."

Joy turned away. "I can't give you any more money," she told him. "I can't afford it."

"No?" He smiled. "Joy Bailly, the big star? Come off it. You're coining money. And you'd let poor brother Paul starve in the gutter?"

"Think of your fans, darling, how they adore you. Pity to shatter their dreams, eh? And what a lovely time the newspapers would have writing up that purple passage in your past—the little indiscretion only a few of us know about."

"You could go to jail for that sort of talk."

"That would make it worse, sweetie. Your fans would say: 'There's Joy Bailly, whose brother's in stir.' Nasty. But a small loan would stop all this unpleasantness. Call it public assistance. I mean . . . I really do need some lolly."

"For Tina Mason?" He laughed. "Tina Mason? You're behind the times, dear. Big Brother has moved on."

"A pity," Joy said. "Tina might have made a man of you."

"Oh, a nice kid," Paul mused. "One of the best you ever introduced me to. But not for me, honey . . . so sorry to upset your matchmaking. Now about this loan—say £50?"

"First it was ten, then 20, and now . . ."

"My girlfriends cost more. High cost of loving, you might say." He giggled.

She looked in her bag. "I've only got £25. I'll send the rest when I can."

He smiled. "I prefer to collect it personally."

She swung on him angrily. "And I'd sooner you stayed away from my flat . . . and from the theatre."

"Oh, Brother Paul, black sheep of family, gets brush-off from slightly off-white sister. O.K." He fished out a visiting card. "Here's where I am if you feel like slumming."

She opened the door. "Please go," she said. It had not gone off quite as he would have liked, Paul told himself. She might make him wait for the money. And

he planned to go to Paris that night. All arrangements had been made.

Paris with Karen—a wonderful prospect. Worth waiting for, after all. A few days would not make all that much difference.

He met Karen next evening at their usual place in the park. It was past 11 when they parted, and Paul walked home to the seedy house in which he had a bed-sitter.

Switching on his light, he heard footsteps behind him. He turned quickly and stared in surprise. It was Tina, the actress his sister had wanted him to marry. Without waiting for an invitation, she walked past him and into his room.

"Tina," he said, frowning. "I thought I'd made it clear . . ."

He broke off, glowering at her sullen face. "Uh, hell," he said, and went to a bottle of scotch kept near his bed. "I had no idea you were going to take it hard, this business with Karen . . ."

He poured a drink and turned to face her. It was then he saw the gun in her hand. Recovering from the initial shock, he grinned uneasily. "Well, really, Tina . . . trying to put a scare into me?"

"I've not come to scare you," she said, "but to kill you." "Tch, tch," he murmured, struggling to keep calm, to humor her, "a nice chick like you playing gangsters. Just think what a noise that'll make when it goes off . . ."

"It's fitted with a silencer," she told him quietly.

He turned away from her casually. "Go on, then, poppet . . . shoot." His hand closed over a heavy glass ashtray. If he turned swiftly and threw it, he thought, it would take her off guard and he could disarm her.

It almost worked. For a fraction of a second, as he hurled the ashtray, her gaze moved from Paul to the missile. In that moment, he lunged at her, seizing her arm.

Paul heard the muffled thump of the gun as it was fired. He heard Tina moan, saw her grimace with pain.

He felt her go limp against him, and watched with horror as she slumped to the floor. His face was covered in sweat as he turned her over. Her coat had fallen open. The jumper beneath was crimson with blood.

Paul left her where she had fallen. In an agony of panic he snatched up the holdall he had packed for his trip to Paris and ran into the street . . .

Some time later, Joy Bailly opened the door of her flat and in walked an old friend—Detective Inspector Addison, of the local CID. He smiled at her. "Should be all right now," he said. "He'll be on his way to Paris, and I don't think he'll bother you again."

"I should have listened to your advice earlier," Joy said. She turned and smiled gratefully to another old friend—Tina Mason.

Addison took the gun from Tina. Exhibit One . . . silent automatic with blank cartridges."

Tina glanced at the patch of red on her jumper. "Exhibit Two," she added. "One gunshot wound. Isn't it wonderful what you can do with a stick of greasepaint?"

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Experts in group planning, World Travel have tailored this world tour to meet the demands of discriminating travellers—and to fit their idea of value.

For only \$1392 (N.Z.\$585), which is only a little more than an average return-accommodation on most ships, our World Discovery Tour offers you:

● Shipboard accommodation to and from Europe in the excellent P & O-Orient Line ships Himalaya and Oriana.

● Fourteen nights' accommodation in London (dinner, bed, and breakfast).

● A 23-day coach tour of eight countries on the Continent.

● A seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland.

As well you'll have the services of a tour director who will travel with you and be resident in London to cope with your individual requirements.

Our tour begins when the one-class Himalaya leaves Sydney on February 2, 1967.

Western Australians, South Australians, and Victorians may join the Oronsay and travel to Sydney at no extra cost. New Zealanders will

board the Himalaya at Wellington on January 27.

The tour ship calls at Brisbane (where Queenslanders embark), Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona before arriving in England on March 11.

For your convenience you may book your shore excursions in the various ports en route at the same time as your main booking.

### Cabin choice

We have already reserved the entire ship's complement of 1300 berths to give you as wide a choice of accommodation as possible.

At \$1392 per person, our tour is costed to allow for shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins.

However, for the supplementary payment of only \$26-\$166 (Himalaya) and

\$26-\$130 (Oriana) you may reserve two-berth accommodation with or without private facilities.

A number of de luxe cabins are also available for booking in the Himalaya, for an extra charge.

After a day or two in London — where several sightseeing tours are included—travellers will start on an exciting 23-day coach tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France.

Some others will enjoy a 22-day free period at the same time, while others will go on the seven-day U.K. tour before their Continental tour and free period.

The 22-day free period—which is at your own expense—may be used to do further sightseeing around London, for visiting friends, or for more European excursions.

It is possible to secure in advance excellent low-cost accommodation in London (anyone who has already been there will know how difficult and expensive this is if you leave it too late).

Accommodation in London for this free period (if booked simultaneously with your main booking) may be obtained at the special rate of \$4.90 for a twin room (bed and breakfast). Single-room accommodation costs only \$5.70 per night (bed and breakfast).

Excellent tours ranging from five to 14 days in duration have been arranged by World Travel to Spain, Holland, Denmark, Cornwall, Devon, Ireland, and the Scilly Isles for this period.

Plan your activities for your free period at the same time as you make your main booking, as the timing for your other European and U.K. tours depends on this.

Your return voyage is in the comfortable tourist class in the Oriana, via the Suez route.

Short visits will be made to Athens and Colombo.

## And the White Christmas Party Tour

WHEN you become a member of our White Christmas Party Tour, 1967-68, you have the choice of Christmas festivities in Rome or Lucerne, Switzerland, and the New Year revels in Paris or Rome.

This wonderful tour offers as well a choice of sailing dates—October and November, 1967.

The P & O-Orient liner Arcadia sails from Sydney on October 19, and calls at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle, Durban, and Cape Town and crosses the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. It then recrosses the Atlantic to Dakar (Senegal), Casablanca (Morocco), and Lisbon (Portugal) before the ship reaches London.

This 16-week holiday takes you to 18 countries and costs as little as \$1268 (N.Z.\$535).

The liner Canberra leaves Sydney on November 18, 1967, for Melbourne, Fremantle, Singapore, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, Lisbon, and Southampton, where it arrives on December 15,

in time for the tour members to link up with the Arcadia's tour members (who are back on tour after a 15-day leisure period).

This gives a 12-week holiday through 15 countries for only \$1099 (N.Z.\$467).

Both sailings in the White Christmas Party Tour are costed to cover four-berth tourist accommodation.

However, it is possible to travel FIRST CLASS for

only \$178 extra (Canberra/Canberra), or for \$230 (Arcadia/Canberra).

Two-berth tourist cabins with or without private facilities, may be booked for the round ship voyages from \$84 to \$208 extra (Arcadia tour) or from \$68 to \$170 (Canberra tour). In some cases the top tourist accommodation is only a few dollars less than first-class accommodation.

Similar but separate European coach tours set off from London within a day or two of each other. However, one tour has the Christmas three-day period in Lucerne, Switzerland, while the other has it in Rome.

During the 17-day fully inclusive European tour, you visit Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, Monaco, and France.

On both tours the coach is available for those who wish to attend midnight church services.

Both tours meet again in London after the European trip before the return sailing in the Canberra.

The Canberra visits Naples, Port Said, Aden, and Colombo on its way home.

Many early bookings have already been made by families anxious to take their school-age children with them on the Canberra sailing.

As the tour leaves from Sydney on November 18, 1967, and returns to Sydney on February 8, 1968, the children may use long summer vacations for this holiday of a lifetime.

If you wish to have the advantages of group travel but want to extend your time abroad, you may delay your departure from England and return to Australia in the Oriana, which leaves Southampton on February 8, 1968.

It is possible to defer your return home even up until April 30, 1968, when you may return home on other P & O-Orient ships via Suez.

However, all accommodation and travel arrangements made during this period will be at your own expense.

### HOW TO BOOK

Details of these itineraries are in the tour brochure, which you may obtain NOW through the General Sales Agents listed below or your travel agent. Ask, too, for the "Supplementary Tours" brochure.

**NEW SOUTH WALES:** A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

**VICTORIA - TASMANIA:** World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

**QUEENSLAND-NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA:** Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane, Tel. 2-3008.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA:** Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street, and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

**NEW ZEALAND:** Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 20-959.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Useful hints for washing and remaking woollies and for cookery and cleaning short cuts win \$2 each for readers.

TO keep the V-neck of men's heavy woollen jumpers like new, run a tacking thread of wool round the neck ribbing before washing; draw the thread up a little.—Mrs. R. Moore, 26 Corella Rd., Kirrawee, N.S.W.

The sleeves of discarded short-sleeved jumpers and cardigans can be made into warm woolly caps for young children. Remove sleeve, continue the seam up to about 2in. from top. Gather in top and finish with a tassel or pompon.—Mrs. M. Pinchback, 4 Howson St., Albany, W.A.

Mince vegetables for soup; it's much quicker and easier than grating or chopping, and the vegetables cook very smoothly.—Mrs. E. Bradshaw, South End, via Rendelsham, S.A.

Cigarette burns in carpets can be camouflaged successfully by rubbing a small piece of steel wool in a circular movement round the hole. The steel wool frays the carpet fibres, which fan out to cover the hole.—Mrs. J. McMillan, South Pacific Lodge, 425 Bowen Tce., New Farm, Brisbane.

Cut a piece of old garden hose into 4in. or 5in. lengths (or longer if required), slit down one side, and fix over the dustbin handle. It protects the hands from sharp edges and is much easier to grip.—E. Smith, 302 Bay Rd., Cheltenham, Vic.

For applique work on cushions, runners, curtains, etc., try outlining the pattern with rick-rack braid. This is quick, cheap, and very effective. The braid twists easily into shape, too.—Mrs. Lucas, 20 Archibald St., Willagee, W.A.

Damp sawdust is very good for cleaning a carpet. Sprinkle on, leave for half an hour, then remove with brush or carpet sweeper. It brightens the colors, too.—Mrs. A. E. Luland, 3½ Mile, Armidale Rd., South Grafton, N.S.W.

## Chicken casserole wins \$10 prize

● A new recipe for cooking chicken in a casserole with vegetables wins the \$10 main prize in our weekly cookery contest.

THE main prize-winning recipe makes a delicious and unusual chicken dish which will serve six to eight.

Consolation prizes of \$2 each are awarded for easy-to-make scones flavored and moistened with pumpkin, and for a spicy nut cake with a honey syrup.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

### CHICKEN IN THE POT

One large chicken (3-3½lb., with giblets), ½lb. pork sausage meat, ½lb. minced veal, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1-3rd cup chopped parsley, 2 medium onions, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon rosemary, 2 eggs, 1lb. bacon pieces, 1 split veal knuckle, 2 medium carrots, 2 leeks, 1 medium turnip, seasoning.

Melt butter in pan, toss in finely chopped onions, cook until soft, but not brown. Add veal mince, cook 10 minutes. Thoroughly mix in crumbs, parsley, salt, thyme, rosemary, pork sausage meat, and slightly beaten eggs. Rinse chicken in cool water and pat dry. Stuff cavity of bird with crumb mixture. Cover hole with little piece of foil, then skewer or sew skin together. Put chicken in large casserole with bacon pieces, split veal knuckle, giblets from chicken, and enough water almost to cover. Bake in moderate oven 2 hours.

Peel and quarter carrots. Clean leeks, cut in half lengthwise. Peel and dice turnips. When 2 hours cook-

ing time is up, add vegetables and extra seasoning to chicken. Bake further 30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Delicious hot or cold.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Vivian, 10 Fairway Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.

### HONEY AND ALMOND CAKE

Syrup: Three ounces butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup honey, 5oz. sugar.

Cake: Nine ounces plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 3oz. blanched chopped almonds.

Syrup: Melt butter or substitute, add honey and sugar. Stir over low heat to blend well together; cool.

Cake: Sift flour, baking powder, and spices; add beaten egg, milk, and honey mixture. Beat well together, add chopped almonds. Turn into well-greased 7in. round cake tin, bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

### SPICY PUMPKIN SCONES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 10oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ cup milk, 1 cup cooked mashed pumpkin.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and pumpkin; beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately to creamed mixture with milk till dough is a soft consistency. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to 1in. thickness. Cut into shapes, bake in very hot oven approximately 12 to 15 minutes.

Consolation prize to Mrs. S. Wade, 125 Finlayson St., Rosanna, Vic.



# BAKE A REAL OLD FASHIONED APPLE PIE



**Crisp pastry...real fruit filling, all in one pack!**

Everyone loves real old-fashioned Apple Pie. Now you can make it so easily with Betty Sydney Real Old Fashioned Apple Pie Mix . . . and there's Apricot Pie Mix, too! Crisp, golden pastry . . . sun-drenched fruit filling — all in one pack. Mmmm . . . Delicious! It's the original country kitchen recipe. Bake a scrumptious Apple or Apricot Pie with Betty Sydney Real Old Fashioned Pie Mixes. You'll adore them.

 ***When it comes from the pack with the Red Spoon—it's best!***





day, she preferred her kitchen to herself. And, of course, her window . . .

Elsie slammed down the order chits with a reminder that "People can't wait all day, you know."

Angie's greasy hand picked up the slips of paper without the rest of her seeming quite aware that it was doing so. She didn't want to anger Elsie; Elsie had an ulcer and a wayward daughter and was behind with her payments on the TV, and anyone could see that today was one of Elsie's bad days.

She shuffled the orders, squinting at them hard, for she needed new glasses, then put the chits down again, languidly, and went back to staring through her window at the giant liner.

The big ships, the ships from England and America and Italy, were her excitement, the wonder of her working days; she loved the coming and the going of them, she loved the great sleek nose — bow was the word, said Herbie, he was so clever, Herbie — almost touching, or it seemed to be almost touching, her very own pane of glass.

She could scarcely take her eyes from the ships and their activity, glorying in the victorious sense of faraway places and things as she hurried between toaster and tins of corn and piled-up dishes . . . savoring . . . dreaming

Angela Lefay . . . film star . . . dressing in her luxurious deck suite, taking her time, keeping the Press and photographers waiting as she could afford to do. Such daring, fabulous clothes for the Lord Mayor's reception, and the race meeting, and the premiere of her new film . . . "The ham sandwich, Angie. Hurry."

**G**ULLS arched across her window and Angie smiled, turning to watch them wheel and circle and dip and arch again. She loved the gulls, she watched for them all the time, loving the sight of them wheeling, grey-white across the curve of the bridge.

It was amazing — she never ceased to be amazed really — at how much she could see from a mere corner of the long back window, the corner that was not covered by the boxes of stores Mr. Kisakis was forever piling up.

One small pane of glass, sneaky with sea-wrack, but it was her window on the world; the wonderful world of harbor waters and sea-going craft, and bridge traffic, even, if you leaned hard against the west wall of the kitchen, one sail of the Opera House.

And if you leaned the other way, the picturesque sky terraces of the Rocks. And always, everywhere, seeping and penetrating, the exciting, adventurous smell of the sea.

"An . . . gie . . ."  
Elsie's voice was angry. Angie roused, turned quickly, and knocked over a tin of

just-opened peaches. It took her some time to mop up the juice. Now, what was the order? She paced the little kitchen trying to remember . . . the fire-fighting tug went by and she followed the spray of giant hoses with delighted eyes.

Determinedly she moved to the fridge, opened the door, and stood looking at the packed shelves. Her hands closed about a bowl. Kidneys. Of course . . . devilled kidneys, that was it.

Elsie took the plate from the scervy and stared at its contents. Devilled kidneys? Her gastric juices revolted and her scraggy body quivered. That Angie! She stalked into the milk bar where Spero Kisakis was drinking a malted milk. She looked at her boss with distaste. No wonder he was getting fat. And liverish. All day long he drank malted milks and ate up Angie's mistakes.

"Here," Elsie slid the plate across the counter. "You wouldn't want to waste an expensive dish, now would you?"

"Devilled kidneys?" He gulped over a mouthful of milk. Then some kind of light dawned. "Oh, no."

## FROM THE BIBLE

● *To love the parent means to love his child; it follows that when we love God and obey His commands we love His children, too.*

— 1 John 5:2.  
(New English Bible)

"She's dreaming again, boss. There's a liner in."

"I know there's a liner in," he said fretfully. "I've got eyes."

"Then you should be able to see she's getting old, Angie, I mean."

"Well . . . aren't we all?" He looked uncomfortable and bit into a chocolate bar. He ate more than ever when he was uneasy; and he was always uneasy when confronted by Elsie's superfluous food and Elsie's common sense.

"It's not as if she hasn't saved a bit," Elsie went on, accusingly, for all the world as if he'd been grossly overpaying Mrs. Stubbs, which he hadn't, "or didn't have a house of her own, even if it is a poky bit of a thing in a poky lane. And it's not as if she hasn't got a family."

"Fine family," he scoffed. "I lined up a job for that lazy son of hers and he never even turned up."

"And he won't. Not while you let her take leftovers home. She keeps a good table, does Angie."

"You get your share," He slammed chocolate malteds before two boys. "Waggin' it from school, eh?" He put back his black head and

laughed as the lads went scarlet. Elsie knew he was trying to change the subject of Angie and so she became doggedly persistent.

"You know why she hangs on here, don't you?"

He looked shifty-eyed. "Money, I suppose. An old mother and those spendthrift kids."

"They all have an axe to grind, I'll admit; want her to sell the house and hand out some ready cash. And, you know, I think she would have given in long ago to their lovey-dovey talk if it weren't for one funny, twisted reason."

"What reason?" Spero Kisakis took a long cold drink; there was impatient muttering from the tables inside and he couldn't afford to lose customers, but there was only one way to get Elsie back on the job, let her talk herself out.

"The window, of course." "Window? What window?" "Your window. Out in the kitchen. She has a 'thing' about that pane of glass."

He snorted, and chewed on a mint. "You're joking." "No, I'm not joking. Most of her time is spent gazing out that back window on the world, weaving stories, having fancies, wishing for things, and cooking up all the wrong orders. She's late clearing up at night, she's quite often late of a morning. Do you want to lose Peg? And your customers? To say nothing of me?"

He was banging things around, muttering under his breath, looking as if he wouldn't mind losing Elsie a bit. Elsie didn't mind, she was accustomed to the boss' moods. Besides, she knew he couldn't manage without her. "Well," he said loudly, "what can I do about it?"

"You're the boss, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm the boss." "Well, act the boss. Take a stand. Be firm. Persuade her to give up work." She paused, and moved her bony forefinger round and about a dab of spilled milk. "You could sack her, you know."

"Sack her?" He looked horrified, and dropped a gob of ice-cream on the floor.

"Sack Angie?"

"Well, she won't just up and leave. Not unless . . ." She drummed her milky finger on the counter. "We could try a roundabout way . . . kind of edge her out . . . you know . . ." She pushed the plate of congealing meat toward him. "Aren't you going to eat your kidneys?"

He blanched, picked up the plate, tossed the food into the rubbish bin, banged on the lid, and slammed down the plate again. Spero Kisakis was desperate. He was more than a little afraid of Elsie. And sorry for Angie Stubbs. And worried about his overdraft. And he didn't feel at all well.

Worse, he couldn't stop eating . . . If Elsie had an idea, something that would help Angie to leave his employment of her own free will, well then . . .

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# Let the children have a garden

By ALLAN SEALE

## ● You'll probably find you get as much fun out of the junior garden as the children do.

**C**HILDREN need a garden of their own, and they often ask for one. They should be encouraged.

You may feel it is just a whim of the moment, that they will soon tire of the project, but as it can mean so much to them it is worth spending a little time reorganising the garden to give them some space.

Between six and eight is the best age to introduce a child to a garden.

To start them much before this requires a great deal of patience, for invariably they have none, and expect results within hours. However, children differ greatly, and any interest shown is worth fostering.

Children's gardens should not be larger than they can manage easily, otherwise it becomes a chore.

At the same time it is a good plan to allow enough space for bulky crops such as french or broad beans in sufficient quantity for full-scale family pickings. Apart from practical aspects, this gives the child a wonderful sense of achievement and greater confidence in his or her ability.

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Choose a sunny area with good soil and drainage, where it is most likely that results will be successful, and handy to a tap for easy watering.

To find such a ready-made location, why not cut out a section of the existing lawn? It can easily be regraded and sown back to grass when no longer required.

To get the most from a garden, children need to experience the thrill of raising plants from seed.

So if the soil is difficult—heavy stuff that sets hard or poor soil that dries out quickly—spend a few shillings on a conditioner such as vermiculite or peatmoss, unless there is a good supply of garden compost available.

After the rough digging has been done, spread a generous layer of the chosen improver and work it lightly into the surface. A little complete fertiliser could be added to advantage, and also lime if needed in the area.

## Hand over early

Once this is done, hand over to the children. They may need assistance in firming down the soil, but show them how to rake and grade the beds, mark out the rows, and sow the seed. Give them guidance by suggesting rather than instructing. Make them feel that the undertaking is theirs.

Choose seeds that come up quickly and mature quickly with a minimum of problems. During spring and summer, french beans, sweet corn, zinnias, and marigolds are closest to the perfect answer, followed by cosmos, sunflowers, phlox, balsams, cucumbers, squashes, etc.

During the cold weather the choice is more limited, but there are still a few hardy and fairly quick growers,

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A reasonably sized garden for children under ten would be about 8ft. by 6ft. or 7ft., divided by a narrow path down the centre to form two beds. This brings all parts of the little garden easily within reach, and either bed is large enough for a family-size crop of beans or similar.

As children's preference is inclined to fluctuate between flowers and vegetables, one bed could be allocated to each.

Where there are two children of similar age, they could each have a defined half of the garden—a more amicable arrangement than sharing.

Isolating the plot helps to increase the children's sense of responsibility. Also, they can have incompatible flower and vegetable mixtures without conflicting too severely with the general landscape.

The lawn is a pleasant, clean surround for the children's plot. Save lawn edges from collapse or encroachment by surrounding the garden with a row of bricks on their side, a frame of 4 by 2 timber, or similar retainers. Keep these materials flush with or just below the lawn surface. This will look better and make mowing easier.

such as calendulas, linaria, virginian stock, alyssum, french marigolds (for frost-free areas), and Bijou sweet peas for sunny areas. Packets of mixed flower seeds always hold some interesting surprises.

Reliable cool-weather vegetables are broad beans and radish. The latter will delight children at any time of the year, as the seed germinates quickly and easily, making reasonable radishes within six weeks. Cress and mustard also grow easily and very quickly.

Lettuce are easy during cool weather. Imperial 847 would be the safest, as these will also be suitable for maturing when the weather is warming up again.

If variety is grown, there is also a place for beetroot, carrots, onions, and even a few cabbages, but these are slower to show results.

For a while, at least, you will keep an eye on the project, particularly on watering. Encourage the children to watch for the new plants appearing (especially when you know germination is starting).

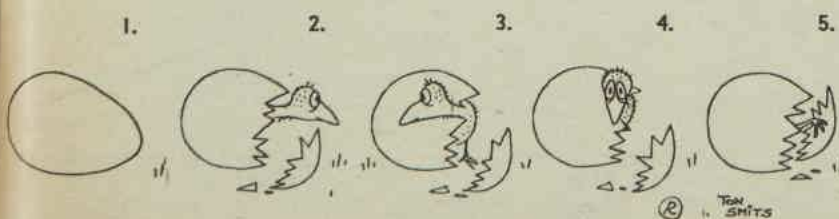
Let them make the discoveries, and always express interest in the progress. You'll probably get as much fun from the garden as the children do.

If nothing else is available, make a garden in pots or boxes filled with earth, and they'll still have the fun of growing bulbs or raising plants from seed.

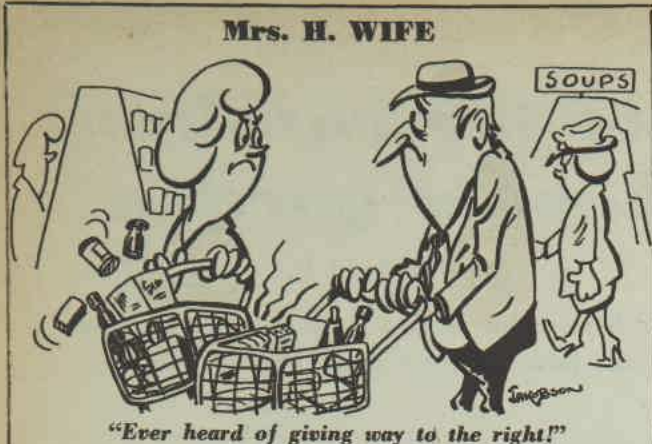
In the latter case, the best choice would be dwarf subjects, such as alyssum, dwarf stocks, virginian stock, and, for the warmer months, phlox, petite marigolds, or new dwarf tomatoes such as Tiny Tim.

When planning new house sites it is a good idea to allow for the children's garden initially. For a time it could be used as a sand-pit.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book







Angie knotted her head-scarf, picked up her string-bag of potatoes — Mr. Kiskakis often let her take things home — and turned for a last look at her liner, glittering with lights against the jewelled light garlands of the Bridge. She was late tonight, she seemed to be late so often these days, but she didn't really care at that moment, it didn't seem important when everything around her was so beautiful.

She left her kitchen slowly, reluctantly, as always, savoring the familiar evening scene: the ferries churning against the wharves, loading and unloading the evening crowds. A few people still hung over the railings, fishing: old men, schoolboys, two children.

"Try not to be late tomorrow, Angie."

She was so ashamed she wanted to cry. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kiskakis, really I am, but it's because of my Herbie—"

"Oh, that Herbie." He laughed gently to soften his words, thankful Elsie had gone home. "Hasn't he ever heard of the early bird?"

"But he tries, Mr. Kiskakis, he really does. It's getting the right job, you see, he can't take just anything, him being so clever with figures—"

"He should be working and looking after his mother," Mr. Kiskakis said severely. After all, as Elsie said, he must be firm.

"But he does look after me. In

lots of ways. He makes me tea at night and lends me his transistor and is always at me to sell the house and go and live with May. But imagine me giving up work and leaving you in the lurch, Mr. Kiskakis. Why, I couldn't think of such a thing with help so hard to get these days."

Spero Kiskakis cleared his throat. "But you've got to think of yourself. I mean, it would be selfish of us to stop you. And I'll bet your daughter could do with you around up in Newcastle in that big house with three kiddies and a hubby off travelling—"

"But I keep telling her I couldn't let you down. And I couldn't, Mr. Kiskakis. You're far too good to me." She gave him her best, most valiant smile. "Goodnight, Mr. Kiskakis."

She waddled valiantly along to her bus. She was really very tired tonight, and her feet hurt, though she would never have said so to anyone. Not to Peg. Nor to Elsie. Certainly not to Mr. Kiskakis. Spero Kiskakis was a good boss, even though he overate shockingly and it affected his liver and he worried about rising costs and his wife's extravagance and keeping a happy staff.

He was almost always kind; not even losing his temper when she had dropped the apple pie upside down on to his shoe; she'd been watching the girls along the wharf flirting with the ship's crew, bold, brazen, beautiful girls they were, so brazen these days they frightened her.

No, she couldn't let Mr. Kiskakis down; though, to be truthful, she was doing quite a lot of thinking lately: about her old mother, Emma, who would perhaps be better off in a rest home than making her silly little bets at the TAB and Herbie wanting to go into business as a bookie and — well, it might be rather nice for herself to sleep in of a morning and just sit about all day nursing May's children . . .

Yes, she'd thought quite a lot about giving up work. Perhaps, after all, they were right. She certainly wasn't getting any younger.

The tiny terrace house in Nasturtium Street was stifling. The Smithsons on the right were having their usual row; he'd lost money on the dogs and she was throwing things. Herbie had already banged twice on the wall, while Emma, deaf as she was, was looking enquiringly about as she sipped her milky tea from a saucer.

The room was in its usual evening muddle awaiting its usual evening tidying-up; Herbie, as he explained, had endured a gruelling day while searching for just the right job. Angie sighed as she put on the sausages. She really was tired tonight. And hot. And a little breathless.

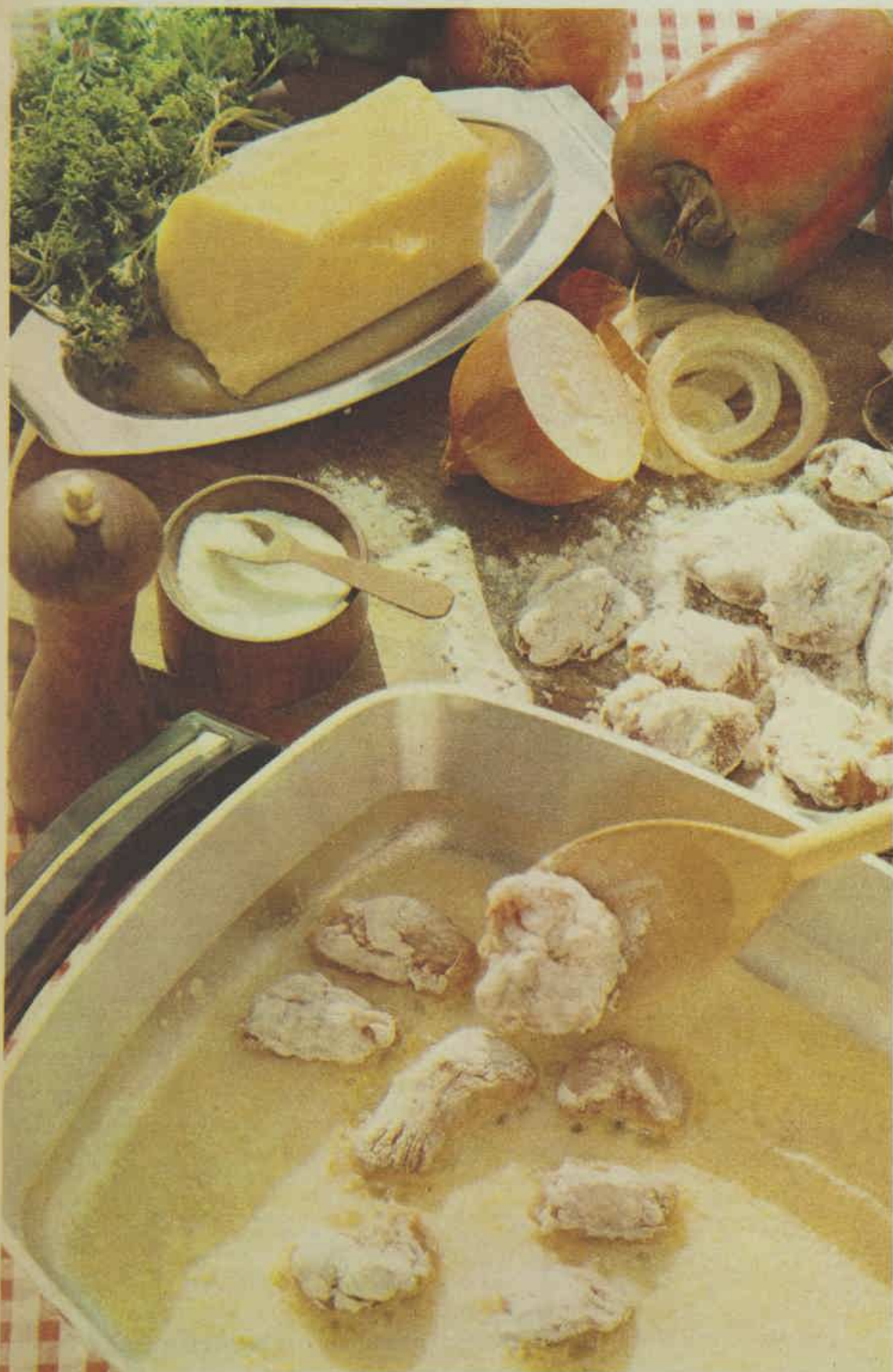
There were no windows; at least

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## Brown in Butter or Ghee\*

*and you're starting out with everything in your flavour*

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN



Only butter can bring out the best flavour in food. Ghee — pure butter oil — is also now widely used for shallow frying, browning, grilling and roasting. To make sure that the food you serve is much more appetising and flavoursome — next time you're browning food, reach for the butter or ghee. Yours meals will taste twice as nice.

### QUICK TIPS FOR BUSY PEOPLE . . .

**Braised Steak or Chops:** Lightly flour seasoned meat and onions and brown in butter or ghee. Add stock, simmer till tender.

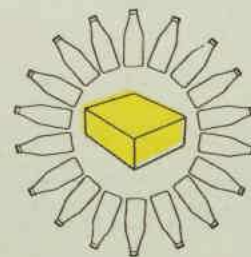
**Veal Fillets** are coated with flour, then dipped in egg and breadcrumbs combined with Aust. Parmesan cheese. Brown in butter or ghee, place in casserole and pour 1 can tomato soup over. Top with slices of Aust. Mozzarella cheese, bake in mod. oven till tender — about 30 minutes.

**Indian Curry:** Fry 2 sliced onions until brown in 1 tbsp. ghee. Crush 2 cloves garlic, mix with 2 tbsp. curry powder, add to onions with 1 tbsp. water. Fry till water evaporates. Add 1 lb. neck or forequarter chops cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water. Simmer till tender (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Evaporate water over high heat, add 1 cup sour cream or yoghurt, reheat gently. Serve with fluffy rice.

**\*GHEE is pure butter oil.** It melts quickly and smoothly, is ideal for shallow frying, browning and sauteing. Ghee imparts all the nutrition and flavour of butter to food. It is most economical.

Ghee is a fine product of the Australian Dairy Industry. It is sold in cans or  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. packs, and is available in all States.

IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!

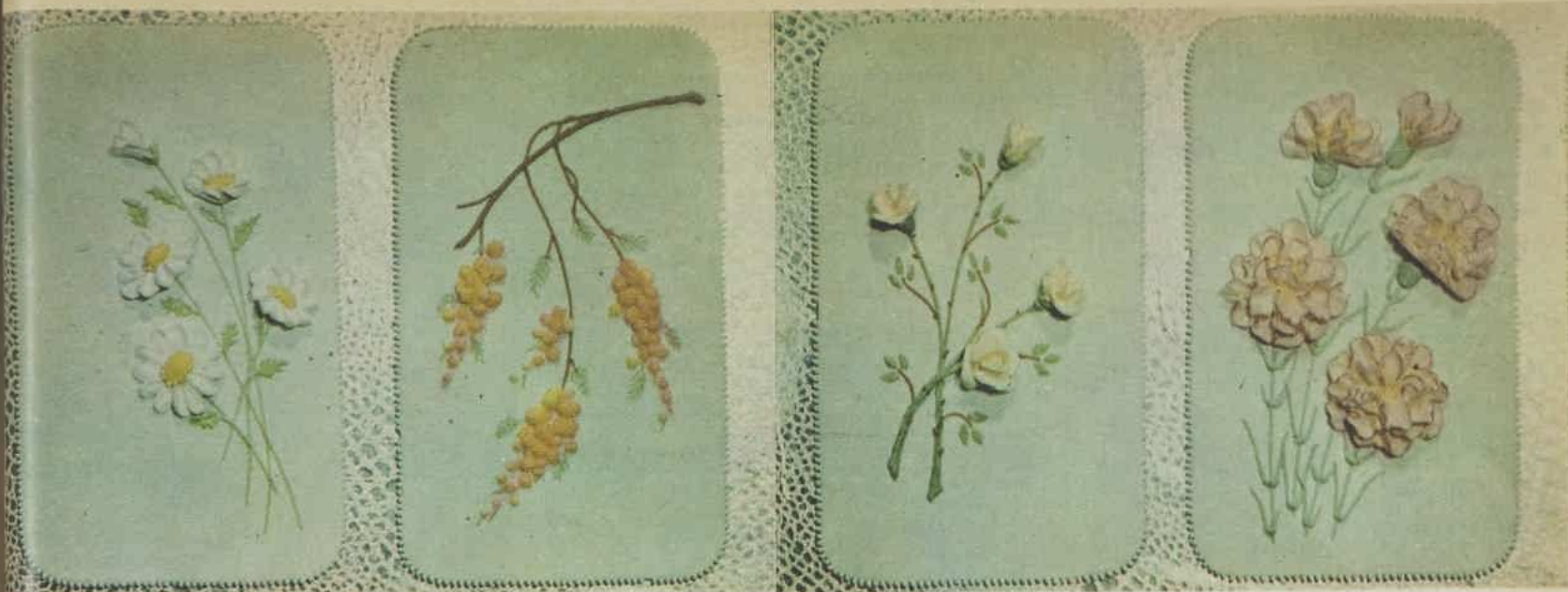


Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.



"A box of my macaroons does NOT weigh two pounds!"





*DAISIES AND WATTLE, by Mrs. B. Pike, of Panania, N.S.W.*

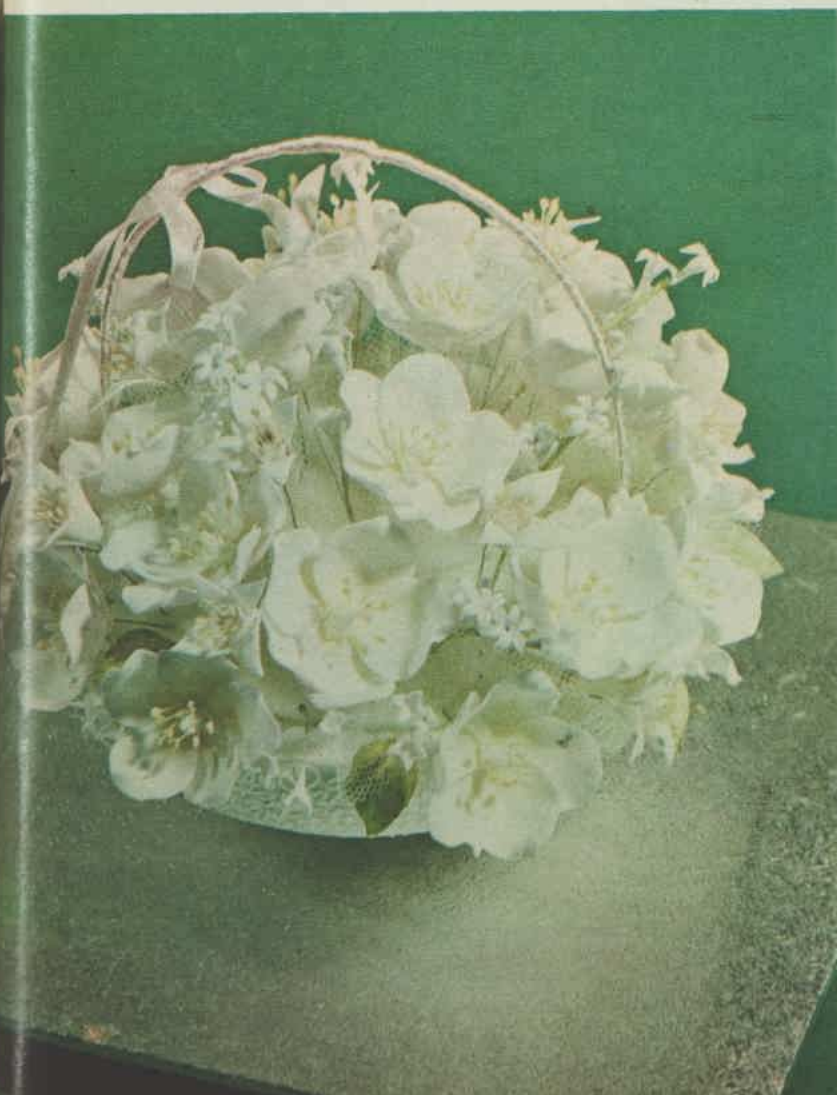
*ROSES AND CARNATIONS were also made by Mrs. B. Pike.*

# Decorations in icing

● These three novelty cakes and the delicate floral sprays at the top of the page show the art of cake decoration at its best and most inventive. Overleaf are directions for making the decorations.



*GIFT BOX, by Mr. S. Thompson, East St. Kilda, Vic.*



*BOX OF CHOCOLATES, by Miss J. Carter, of Box Hill, Vic.*

*FLOWER BASKET, by Mrs. M. Dunn, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.*

● Directions for making these decorations are overleaf



# Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MARSHA". — This smart-design frock with detachable white pique cuff trim is available in mustard, china-blue, and apricot pure wool frocking.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$17.25 (£8/12/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$17.45 (£8/14/6); 40in. bust, \$17.65 (£8/16/6).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.40 (£6/14/-); 36 and 38in. bust, \$13.60 (£6/16/-); 40in. bust, \$13.80 (£6/18/-).

Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 55. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on week-days. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



"The trouble is they never outgrow it!"



"They make a lovely couple . . . except for her, of course."

## DECORATIONS IN ICING . . . continued from previous page

● All these cake decorations are shown in color on previous page. Below are the makers' directions.

### PIPED FLOWER SPRAYS

THESE are the wattle, carnations, roses, and daisies made by Mrs. B. Pike, of Panania, N.S.W. They won first prize in their section at the Royal Easter Show in Sydney.

#### ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, approximately 6 to 8oz. sifted pure icing sugar.

Add icing sugar gradually to egg-white, stirring continually. When mixture begins to hold its shape do not add more icing sugar, but stiffen mixture by stirring about 20 minutes. After this time, icing should be stiff enough to hold a peak. If not, add little more icing sugar and stir in well. If too much icing sugar is used, icing will be difficult to force through icing tube.

For flower centres, calyx, and wattle blooms, thin small amount of stiff royal icing with little extra egg-white.

Wattle: Color small amount of castor sugar with yellow food coloring. With softened white royal icing and No. 1 writing tube, pipe dots of icing in various sizes on to waxed paper. When still slightly wet, coat with yellow sugar. Tilt paper to remove excess sugar. Leave to dry completely.

Pipe stems, leaves, and branches on to cake, using green and brown royal icing. Arrange wattle blooms, piling thickly toward centre of bunches. Attach to cake, using royal icing of similar color to cake.

Carnation: Using No. 20 medium tube and stiff yellow royal icing, pipe 7 frilled petals on to waxed paper or icing nail. Holding tube at sharper angle, pipe 5 frilled petals over first row. Hold tube almost at right-angles to the nail or paper and pipe 3 frilled petals to finish flower. Allow to dry.

For a three-quarter view of flower, pipe as for full flower, but lean against a box to dry. For side view of flower, pipe half the flower.

When flowers are quite dry, tint base of petals with green food coloring and edge of petals with red or pink food coloring.

Pipe stems and leaves on to cake, using writing tube and green icing. Pipe calyx with softened icing. Attach flowers while calyxes are still wet.

Roses: Pipe ribbon of deep yellow icing up over the top and down a wooden cocktail stick, twirling stick, to form centre for rose. Use No. 20 medium tube. Then pipe 2 half-moon-shaped petals, one each side of the centre and not overlapping each other. With paler shade of yellow icing, pipe 3 outer petals. Remove roses from cocktail sticks.

For three-quarter view, tip rose on its side and press lightly with fingers. For side view, press further on to its side.

Pipe stems, leaves, and thorns with green and brown royal icing. Pipe calyxes with soft royal icing. Attach roses.

Daisies: Pipe 11 petals on to waxed paper or icing nail, using white royal icing and No. 20 medium tube.

For three-quarter view, pipe petals to form oval shape. Leave flowers to dry. Some can be left against a box to shape slightly.

For side view, pipe semicircle of 5 petals, then pipe 3 or 4 petals, slightly covering the first petals.

For buds, pipe 3 petals, then 2 petals overlapping.

When flowers are dry, pipe centres, using softened yellow icing. When centres are dry, finish with row of yellow dots round edge of centre. Pipe leaves, stems, and calyxes. Attach flowers.



EXHIBITED in a show of work by a cake-decorating school in Melbourne, this cake by Miss J. Carter resembles a chocolate box.

### BOX OF CHOCOLATES CAKE

Cover oblong fruit cake with almond paste and fondant. Allow to dry, then pipe a snail's-trail edging round base. Cut strips of cardboard to form box edges. Cover with aluminium foil, place in position.

Mould flowers and leaves from fondant. Allow to dry, then paint with diluted food coloring. Arrange on cake.

Finish cake with red satin ribbon and red satin bow.

### GIFT BOX CAKE

Cover square fruit cake with almond paste and blue fondant. While fondant is still wet, mark the wrapping folds with back of knife.

Allow fondant to dry completely. Then, with diluted blue food coloring, paint over the fondant, leaving circles of pale blue fondant at intervals over cake.

In these circles paint small fir trees with darker blue food coloring. Allow to dry, then tint trees with silver paint.



CLOSE-UP of roses, bouvardia, hyacinths in flower basket cake by Mrs. N. Dunn, of Penant Hills, N.S.W. It won a first prize at the Royal Easter Show in Sydney.

Cut strips from fondant for ribbon. Paint with red food coloring and place in position on cake. Shape strips for ribbon bow over handle of wooden spoon, allow to dry, then assemble on the cake.

Finish cake with gift card cut from thinly rolled fondant.

### BASKET OF FLOWERS

Bake 4lb. fruit cake mixture in pudding basin, approximately 6in. in diameter, or in similar-sized heatproof basin. Cake, when cooked, should be about 2 1/2 in. deep. If too deep, cut slice from top.

Mould base for basket by pressing fondant into base of milk jug, flower vase, or silver cake basket. Smooth edges, then turn out on to waxed paper, allow to dry. Turn cake upside down, cover with fondant. Allow to dry, then cover top of cake with fondant.

When cake is completely dry, pipe cornelli work over cake and fondant base, using No. 00 writing tube and royal icing. Secure cake to base with little royal icing.

Wrap narrow satin ribbon round pipe cleaner. Insert into cake to form basket handle. Arrange flowers, using small pieces of gathered tulle to soften the arrangement, if desired. Finish cake with satin ribbon bow tied to basket handle.

Dainty Bess Roses: Mould fondant into petal shapes. Place in patty tins to dry. Tint outside of petals with diluted pink food coloring and inside base of petal with diluted yellow food coloring. Assemble flowers, using royal icing, slightly overlapping 5 petals. Place in patty tins to dry. Insert stamens.

Fuchsias: Make base from pale pink fondant, attach 4 very small petals to form centre. From white fondant cut 4 elongated petals, attach to centre bud. Add stamens and piece of wire for stalk.

Bouvardia: Mould small pieces of fondant over end of paint-brush until small bell shape is formed. Cut 4 petals. Insert wire, firm at base with fingers.

Hyacinths: Mould fondant over paint-brush as for bouvardia. Cut into six petals. Pinch each petal into shape with fingers. Mark with a knife and bend petals slightly back. Insert wire.

Leaves: Cut leaf shapes from thinly rolled fondant. Mark veins with knife and attach to fine wire, using little egg-white. Tint with diluted green and pink food coloring when dry.



MEN are adept at cake decoration, too, as this gift box cake shows. It was made by Mr. S. Thompson, whose directions are given at left.



WOW!  
POW!  
ZOWIE!

Steady yourself. Here comes a taste explosion. Plump whole peeled tomatoes and golden whole kernel corn together in the one can. A frenzy of flavour.

# CORN AND TOMATOES

Wild about plump whole tomatoes? Rave over cob-fresh corn? Steady yourself. Those clever Edgell chefs have put these two traditional favourites together in the one can. The result is nothing short of sensational. Taste sensational. Whole peeled tomatoes and golden corn kernels tastefully together in the one can. Show how clever you are at mealtime with Edgell Corn and Tomatoes. Then stand back for the applause.



**FOR BREAKFAST**  
With bacon, scrambled egg, by itself.



**FOR LUNCH**  
Cold with salads, hot with sausages, or chops.



**FOR DINNER**  
With sizzling steak, roast chicken, Vienna Schnitzel.

Fresh  
from  
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country garden



PETERSVILLE AUSTRALIA LIMITED SHARES  
ARE LISTED ON ALL AUSTRALIAN STOCK EXCHANGES



SYNDICATE MEMBER



## SURFIE SAM



Surfie Sam, with nose in air,  
Cavorted on the briny  
So full of pride, he failed to see  
The rocks so sharp and slimy  
The bathers laughed as he emerged  
"You fell that time it's true  
And now you'd better fall for Woods'  
To beat approaching 'flu'."

### Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

LOOK ALIVE with  
**The Bulletin**  
POLITICAL COMMENT,  
NEWS, and VIEWS  
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**NEW WAY TO TREAT ASTHMA**  
New Improved Laboratory-Tested  
MENDACO is certified to stop  
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breathe easily and sleep like a  
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Continued from page 48

none that brought the world into her little house. And that was the thing that depressed her. The house was back from the street a bit, with a small strip of grass in front and all round it were walls. Blank walls. And rubbish bins. And voices, shrieking voices. But tomorrow was another day and she would be back with her work. And her window.

As she walked into the "Waterways" kitchen next morning Angie felt immediately, and sharply, different. At first, as she took off her scarf and pushed back her side hair, she could not tell just what was different, but there was a dimness, a muted look about the room. Like a dull winter's morning.

But the sun had been shining brightly outside. She switched on the electric light, then, as her eyes clung to her window, she switched it off again. A curtain: a neat, soft, pretty curtain, of some

muslin material, was blocking out the world, not hiding it altogether, but diffusing it so that she could not make it out clearly.

She felt a strange, awful rush of panic. Her window was gone. No, not gone... disguised, blotted out. She forced down the sensation of fear, trying to be reasonable. How kind they were, Elsie and Mr. Kiskakis. Perhaps even Peg. They were simply trying to make her more comfortable, more contented, brightening up her funny, old-fashioned back kitchen that was shut away from their bustling world out front. It was their subtle, unspoken way of persuading her to stay...

It was a hard day for Angie Stubbs. Everything, it seemed, had changed. Her world was beyond the curtain and she could not reach it. Nobody said anything about the curtain, but she felt Elsie's eye following her, and

once, when she walked through the shop, she saw Mr. Kiskakis peep round the door.

She didn't know what to do, she felt lost and deeply unhappy, guilty, too, at not thanking them when they had gone to so much trouble. But she could not thank them for putting a curtain over her window. She was more awkward than ever.

Once, after she had spilled a pot of coffee, she took out May's latest letter and read it through again. Baby Deirdre—what fancy names they gave children these days—had the measles, and Bill hadn't phoned for a week, and the washing-machine had broken down, and she—May—had a bad cold and was up to her ears in work... Give up, Mum, give up work, and come to me...

"An... gie... the order." Angie stuffed the letter into her pocket. What was the order? Mushrooms... something with mushrooms... She felt slow and muddled and utterly lost in her familiar kitchen. If only she could see the sky, blue and sharp, with the gulls wheeling across it, and a shaft of sun along the wall, there, where it always came in, she might feel better.

She knew she'd feel better. Her eyes wandered about the room. There was a good strong box there... If she were to balance it carefully and climb up—

"An... gie." She wasn't being fair to Elsie. An omelet, that was it. A mushroom omelet... But it was quite some time later when a somewhat distracted Elsie carried in the piled plate and set it before a startled Spero Kiskakis.

"What's that?" "A mushroom omelet. And I asked for toasted sandwiches."

"Has she said anything?" "Not a word." "It was your idea, you know." He felt suddenly spiteful toward Elsie. "You made the curtain. Sat up late at night to do it."

"Well, you paid for the material. Look, I know Angie, she can't stand being without her window. She'll give notice on Monday. Just you wait and see."

Spero Kiskakis tipped the mushrooms into the rubbish bin and slammed down the lid. He mopped his face; he really felt quite sick. Worse, he couldn't look another malted milk in the face, let alone drink one down.

"Wait and see." Elsie poked his fat forearm with her thin finger. "Just you wait and see."

Nasturtium Street was unbearably hot; there was a heat-wave, with not even a breath of a nor'easter over the city. The wind was from the west and warm. Angie was writing

to her daughter: "...you're a good girl, May, and I've done a lot of thinking about coming up to you, but I do get on your nerves with my talk, and you know your Bill gets impatient with my ideas as he calls them. And Emma would fret. And Herbie's quite helpless without his mother."

She looked fondly at her son sprawled on the lumpy couch with his transistor to his ear and reading the racing form. Well, Herbie would just have to do without her money...

"You are helpless without your mother, aren't you, Herbie love?"

"Aw, Mum." Herbie Stubbs moaned and turned over to bury his head in a cushion. His mother smiled indulgently. Such a sensitive boy. She picked up her pen again.

"And they're so good to me at the 'Waterways Coffee Shoppe' I've decided I can't let them down. They even put a curtain over my window to make the place look nice and to please me—at least they must have thought they were pleasing me—so, of course, I couldn't let them see me take the curtain down."

"I just hope they'll not notice. So you see, I can't leave the 'Waterways'—even though Elsie can be a trial mixing up the orders as she does—so you'll just have to manage without me. Now I'm off to bed. It's Monday tomorrow."

She felt happy, now the decision was made. She opened her front door and stood looking out on the blank walls. She sniffed the air... was there a faint, very faint, breath of the sea? Monday... There might, just might, be another liner berthed in Sydney Cove—that was another of her excitements; not looking up the shipping news, not knowing what was shipping out or in, or when, just watching, until one morning another liner was looming, huge and white, outside her window...

Angela Bartlett—travel writer—leaned against the deck-rail, the wind in her hair, devouring Sydney Harbor with receptive eyes. She would devote a whole chapter to her first impressions of the breathtaking Harbor. She would write a smash-hit of a book... a best-seller... make scads and scads of money...

Angie unwrapped a rough parcel, a newspaper parcel, but very clean newspaper, and beamed on her adored son. "A new curtain for your window, Herbie. Make your room look real nice."

"Aw, Mum, do you think I'm a blooming girl?"

"I'll put it up right now. On my way to bed." She straightened her tired, dumpy, plump little body, shuffled her feet that hurt so badly, and smiled happily, a little lazily, over everything. "Mustn't be late tomorrow. It's Monday."

She picked up the curtain, smiled again, almost to herself, and waddled up the narrow rickety little stairs.

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your oven  
clean**  
**in just a few  
easy minutes!**



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**NON-CAUSTIC**  
NO GLOVES



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Spray "easy to see" foam on warm oven.



Leave 5-10 minutes, for grease to dissolve.



Wipe out with damp cloth.

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## LULUBELLE



"Please could we learn go-go dancing instead of the polka?"





# QUANT BY QUANT



● Design: Alexander Plunket Greene watches his wife, Mary Quant, at work on a new collection.

● In 1963 Mary Quant and her husband, Alexander, found their business had grown too quickly for them. Mary says, "We made ourselves thick smoke-screens to hide the fact that we were overwhelmed."

● Fabric: One item in Mary's day — to see fabrics for designs to be sold nine months later.



IT was in a short calm period, when we had our vision temporarily in focus, that Alexander and I decided we each had better get the help of a psychiatrist.

And it is worth saying that the self-discovery, the finding out what makes one tick, the learning to make the best of one's abilities is an education.

It is like learning to swim, only a thousand times more valuable (unless you happen to be shipwrecked!).

I now find myself able to cope with pretty well anything, and able, too, to do ten times as much as I could — and do each thing ten times more capably.

Nothing worries me any more because I know that worry is an abortive process. I can cogitate and plan, concentrate on difficult problems, and recognise the impossible without panic. I can sit calmly in a taxi on the way to delivering a speech to the bigwigs of our industry knowing that even if I talk a load of irrelevant rubbish I will do the best I can and that is the best I can hope for.

I haven't mastered complete self-control yet. Sometimes when we get home, Alexander still has to reassure me, over and over again, that I have said and done the right thing.

Sometimes when I do a drawing for a newspaper at a moment's notice, people will remark on how quickly and easily it is done. What they don't know is that it can be done quickly only because of the days and nights of thinking that have preceded it.

I have had to learn not to waste thinking-time. It is not necessary to be writing or drawing all the time, but you must always be thinking. If you have really thought anything out to the last detail, it can be put on paper in a minute. Any sudden demand acts like a shot of adrenalin and makes it just that much more exciting.

But, quite apart from designing clothes, I have to do

a lot of other things, too. They are all more or less important and one needs to keep one's head.

A fairly typical day in my life might go like this:

10 a.m.: Take last night's sketches to the workroom and discuss them with the cutters.

11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.: See the ranges from six or seven cloth merchants for a collection which will go into the shops nine months later.

12.30 p.m.: Discuss designs of labels and swing tickets for a new range for America.

1 p.m.: Choose trimmings from a selection made by our cloth buyer.

1.15 p.m.: Lunch with Archie, Alexander, and the managing director of a hosiery firm who want to produce Quant stockings.

2.30 p.m.: To Youthlines to look at the first samples of the new underwear made to my drawings.

3.15 p.m.: To the Ginger Group to meet Canadian journalists doing a piece about us.

4 p.m.: To hairdresser, Vidal Sassoon.

5.15 p.m.: Back to workroom to see latest dresses tried on.

5.30 p.m.: See some skins for the next fur collection.

6.30 p.m.: Home. Drinks

with the design director of the Butterick pattern company, who publish my things from time to time.

8 p.m.: Dinner with friends.

10 p.m.: The Purley Ball. And—apart from this—I may talk to dozens of people on the telephone from journalists to cloth mills and scientists developing new materials for us.

The thing about a day like this is that, apart from the maddening frustrations of trying to move from one part of London to another in a limited time, I am not stationary — physically or mentally—for any length of time in any one place.

My mind has to switch from the clothes I am itching to design at this moment to those I will be doing six, even twelve, months ahead.

In a Press interview, I have to try to turn my thoughts back six months or more to the way I was thinking when I made the dresses designed then and currently being shown to the fashion journalists and buyers before going into the shops.

It is not that I have too many engagements; it is this going back and forward in time and switching my thoughts on and off.

● To page 55



● Finished product: Designs like these have made Mary Quant's name known throughout the Western world.





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**Modess has a full-length 'safety shield'** for complete protection at all times plus a unique 'channel' for instant absorbency . . . and the exclusive Masslinn\* cover for luxurious softness and extra comfort. Trust Modess\*.



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# QUANT BY QUANT



Going from one place to another in a taxi now, I am able to make my mind an absolute blank for a few minutes, then concentrate on what lies ahead without worrying about what has gone before. I can take each separate thing on its own and concentrate on this to the exclusion of all else so that when a problem is in front of me I can fix my mind on this and get one thing settled at a time.

It saves all the exhaustion I used to feel when I was trying to solve numberless queries at the same time.

Rightly or wrongly, I have been credited with the Lolita Look, the Schoolgirl Look, the Wet Weather Look, the Kinky Look, the Good Girl Look, and lots of others, and it is said that I was first with knickerbockers, gilt chains, and high boots.

I like being given the credit for such things. I want to be first with a lot more. I want to invent new ways of making clothes in new materials, with new shapes and new accessories that are up to date with the changing ways of life.

I never know when—or where—inspiration will come. This is one of the reasons why we have to be on the go all the time.

The revival season of Garbo's films in London inspired the frilly, feminine look. In a flash I was tired of the arrogant "beat" look that seemed to say, "I'm dressed like a boy and I'm as good as a boy!"

I wanted my clothes to say, "Girls are nothing like boys. I'm a girl and isn't it super?"

One day I pulled on an eight-year-old boy's sweater for fun. I was enchanted with the result. In six months all the birds were wearing the skinny-ribs that resulted.

Also, as a joke, I put a man's string vest over the dark dress I was wearing. The effect was electric, and fashion became a thing of stringy shapes, hole-peppered stockings, crochet tops, and fishnet gloves.

To keep constantly in touch, Alexander and I watch all the young television programs and we go to places like the Ad Lib, where you can see the early signs of some new fad or

craze beginning to develop among the most up-and-coming trend-setters.

One night at the Ad Lib seven girls were wearing the same Ginger Group dress. And they all loved it. For me, it was confirmation that we were on the right track.

On the far side of the Atlantic, I had further confirmation. It came across to me when I was in New Orleans to receive the Rex Award given by Maison Blanche each year to the top designer of each important European country.

The day after I had shown my clothes, I went into Maison Blanche and found that my stuff (which had to be more highly priced there because of import duties) had been put into the couture department.

It was a seething mass of teenagers and I was besieged by them. They lapped up everything I was able to tell them. They said they had never had the chance before to meet and talk with a real-life designer.

I had designed my first lot of foundation garments and we had just got this work under way when we had another surprise Atlantic telephone call.

It was from Carl Rosen, president of Puritan Fashions. He was coming to England next day and would like to see what we were doing.

We lunched with him and he said, "Supposing I want to produce a Mary Quant line in the States and put it over in a really big way, would you be interested?"

We said, "Yes," but explained our contract with Penney's (an America-wide retail store chain, already promoting Quant fashions).

Carl said he didn't think this would matter too much to his company as they concentrated on a very different market. When we parted, he said he would be in touch again.

We didn't think much

would come of it because this was a big step forward for an American manufacturer. In the States, until now, manufacturers have never promoted any individual designer on a long-term basis.

The theory has been that to build a business on any "name" personality is far too risky. "He—or she—may be run over by a bus or clear off with someone else, and a huge business, in which a million dollars may be invested, will disappear overnight.

wider promotion of the Mary Quant name.

Poor Alexander had to argue for hours, although he could hardly concentrate because two men with paper wings pinned between their shoulder-blades were washing the windows of the vice-president's suite in a 46-storey building above the clouds of New York.

Meantime, the deal with Puritan had been on... off... on... off. In spite of this, I had to go on designing the collection because I knew that if the contracts

land I would have had to wait months.

In New York, there are two major fashion market weeks a year, during which fashion writers and buyers from over the States converge on the manufacturers, who all try desperately to attract the most attention.

Magazines like "Mademoiselle," "Glamour," and "Seventeen" give vast parties. The biggest one this year was given by "Glamour" and for it they borrowed the name Youthquake from the Puritan company. They had

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

In the past, the fashion pace-makers have usually been European. Chanel gave us the cardigan suit; Dior the new look; Pucci put the rich into silk shirts. But today some of the pace-setting news comes from Britain, and of this Carl Rosen is fully aware.

The gamble he was taking was carefully considered. In his plans to pioneer a new world of Youthquake fashions in the States, he has signed up other young designers—British, French, and American.

To finalise his plans for this new idea, we lived through weeks of the most fantastic negotiations, all of us going to the States and Carl coming to London.

On Alexander's first visit, he went to see the Penney people. Unfortunately, Penney's at first didn't see the thing as we did—that they must benefit from the

were finalised we would be up against time.

I had about 60 designs ready for Puritan and eventually the business details were finalised.

In New York we had to put on a presentation of the garments to all the heads of the Puritan empire. None had seen my clothes before. They knew nothing of the London-Look.

Only Carl and Paul Young (who had left Penney's for Puritan) were prepared for what they were going to see. Once Paul mentioned Courreges and they had not heard of him, either, so I cheered up!

All went well. The clothes stood up to the critical examination they were given and everyone was tremendously excited.

I was given the executives' conference room as an office and told that I had to decide from which American firms I would be able to get the materials I wanted. All these firms had been alerted. There were about 60 salesmen waiting outside the door, all loaded with armfuls of fabrics and huge books of swatches.

I was prepared for hard work, but I really had no idea how hard it was going to be. The salesmen waiting to see me were allowed into the room, one at a time, at three-minute intervals. All were fighting for orders. They jostled and pushed each other all over the place.

The set-up was like a bedlam market to me at first. When I did settle down I was enormously impressed.

When I saw a cloth I wanted I would say, "Right. I'll buy that one."

"I'll bring it right back."

And the salesman literally ran out the door. Ten minutes later he was back with the length of cloth. It was unbelievable. In Eng-

an enormous jazz band. There must have been about 4000 guests and lots of celebrities. Sammy Davis and Sandie Shaw and Dionne Warwick performed and Soupy Sales, who is enormously popular—a sort of teenage hero—compered the whole thing.

"Seventeen" gave a gala dinner for us all and we all went on to "Arthur"—Sybil Burton's club. It seemed as if the place were completely taken over by the British that night. The Skunks (one of the two regular bands there) composed a special song called "The Youthquake" and kept on playing it all night. The newspapers were full of the goings-on the next morning.

The most important date for us was the Puritan company's opening day.

Every manufacturer, whether he has two or four seasons a year, opens with a tremendous party to which all the buyers are invited. Great banquets of cold meats and caviar and oysters and everything you can think of are laid out and thousands of people come in and out during the day, eating and drinking, while the shows go on.

We put on a show every 20 minutes or so in exactly the same high-speed way as we'd first shown in St. Moritz and later developed in the Knightsbridge Bazaar and in Paris.

About 3000 people came the first day. Alexander and I had to get back to London that night. We literally fell on the plane. One way and another, it had been a terrifying day and we were practically unconscious.

But it was all worth it! A week later we had a telephone call to tell us that 50,000 dresses had been ordered. As a result, Puritan decided it would be worth

while to make a color movie centring on Youthquake and the kind of clothes the first coast-to-coast whistle-stop fashion tour would be showing.

Fifty television stations across the States have shown this film, and it is estimated that, one way or another, something like 50,000,000 people have seen it.

It looked as if everything was set for our Youthquake tour, but suddenly Puritan seemed to have a second look at the dollars set aside for the promotion. Suddenly there was a new feeling in the air. A sort of "Take it easy, fellows" feeling.

It got back to us that they thought it a waste of money to bring model girls from England. The stores we'd be visiting could provide their own girls. We were supposed to fly in all ready to put on a show ten minutes later with girls who had never seen us, knew nothing of the "Look."

It was an impossible situation. With our itinerary—more than 30 planes to catch within 21 days, and heaven knows how many thousands of miles to cover on deadline timing—we knew the only way we'd survive would be if we travelled as a unit—the girls, clothes, Alexander, and I. I was so worried that Alexander put his foot down.

An awful lot of argy-bargy followed, but finally it was agreed. The way things turned out we'd never have got through without Sandy, Sarah, and Kari-Ann.

Because they were with us all the time we were able, in the end, to put on a fabulous show at every place. And this in spite of the most awful difficulties.

At some places we were met with some awful old truck which turned up late at the airport and we'd be taken to some rather ghastly hotel and be expected to dump our things and go straight to the store for an early breakfast Press conference.

No one seemed to have had the idea that it might be rather a good thing if we were given ten minutes or so for a brush up—we'd all been up since 5 a.m. and travelling in the milk plane since six.

We'd get another shock when we'd be shown the place where we were supposed to put on the show. In some stores there would be a space probably big enough to take about 250 standing rather uncomfortably tight. We would make a scene, but nobody would take the slightest notice.

The thing was that although the buyer had just heard my name because she had been to New York to see the Puritan show and had bought the clothes, it had never really got through to anyone else in the store; no one had any conception of what a show for the young is like; they hadn't thought it worth the trouble to get the things we'd asked for.

It was because of all this sort of thing that the first show of the day was always pretty near chaos.

Of course, once the store had seen the effect of some 2000 kids raving and screaming about the clothes, the whole attitude would change.

● To page 56

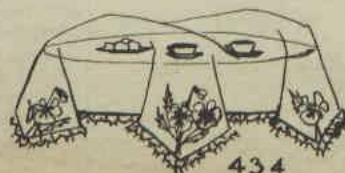
## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 435. — MATERNITY NIGHTGOWN  
This attractive maternity nightgown is available cut out to make in white, pink, and blue, good quality flannelette. Lace trim supplied. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, \$3.25 (£1/12/6); 36 and 38 in. bust, \$3.45 (£1/14/6). Postage and dispatch 20 cents (2/-) extra.



No. 434. — ORGANDIE THROWOVER  
Pretty throwover is available cut out to embroider in white, lemon, pink, and blue organdie. Price is 99 cents (9/11), plus 5 cents (6d) postage and dispatch.

No. 435. — GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT  
Permanently pleated skirt is available cut out to make in champagne, junior navy, and mint green terylene/viscose with white poplin bodice. Sizes 4 and 6 years, \$3.75 (£1/17/6); 8 years, \$3.95 (£1/19/6). Postage and dispatch 20 cents (2/-) extra.

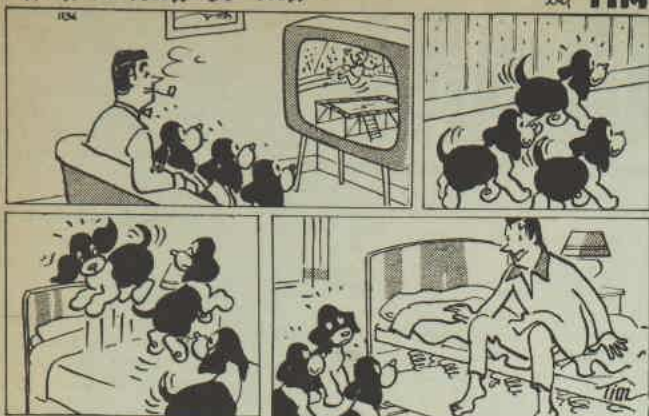


Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## Wuff, Snuff &amp; Tuff

by TIM



## ● From page 55

They liked the rush to buy the clothes afterwards, too.

In one store 500 dresses were sold during the day—it was always between 50 and 300 sales—and that's an awful lot of dresses in anybody's language. Then we'd find lots of people willing to do anything for us.

Some of the kids brought along scrapbooks to show us—they'd kept cuttings and photographs of my clothes for ages back. They brought us little presents, things they had made themselves, and boxes of candies or poems or fruit. Some even turned up in dresses they'd made from my designs in the Butterick Pattern books and



## QUANT BY QUANT

asked me to sign my name on the backs of the dresses.

They were fantastic. They wanted all our autographs—Alexander's, Kari-Ann's, Sarah's, and Sandy's. Sometimes the local police had to be called to help keep order.

I began to feel rather like a Beatle!

We were in a different town every day, and in each we had to put on three, four, or even five shows. In between, we'd chat with

the local newspapers and magazine people, signing autographs while we were talking, make recordings for the radio, and shoot over to the television studios to make a film instead of having lunch.

At the end of this we'd have to struggle with the packing—70 dresses, fur coats, all the accessories, the lot—and get these to the airport ready for a crack-of-dawn departure the next day. All this in addition to the 16 pieces of personal luggage we had between us.

Nobody ever got a square meal, except perhaps on a Sunday if we were able to catch a plane during the afternoon instead of the morning. Not one of us ever got more than four or five hours' sleep a night.

At the start, Alexander said we'd have to refuse all social invitations, but after about ten days of nothing but work and sleep we did need some sort of extra life. We began to accept one or two invitations.

At one rather good party, given by the British Consul in Minneapolis, a man came up to Kari-Ann and said, "Goodness, you're beautiful."

Kari-Ann said, "Thank you."

He continued, "What a pity your teeth are not smooth at the time. They're a bit jagged. As a matter of fact, I'm a dentist. Would you like to come back to my place and I'll fix them for you right away?"

Kari-Ann accepted. Then I suppose she had second thoughts and she decided to tell us before she left. We were a bit nervous, but Kari-Ann was back within an hour, her teeth smooth.

## THE high spot

of the tour was Kansas City, though it nearly started off with disaster. The tour at this stage took us from Chicago to St. Louis and from St. Louis to Kansas City. Alexander decided he ought to stay in Chicago the one day we were to be in St. Louis to see some manufacturers. I went on with the girls, the idea being that we'd all meet up again in Kansas City in the evening.

When Alexander arrived at the Kansas City airport, the British Consul met him and told him he had persuaded the leading radio station to give the day to Britain and all things British. He had fixed it that we would take over 2½ hours of the evening programs.

Alexander became a guest disc jockey. He put on a Beatles record and did a bit of chat about the Beatles, pretending we knew them rather better than we do; then he played a few more British records and then suddenly he found he was expected to read the news.

He put on a frightfully exaggerated English voice. He started off with a speech of President Johnson's and went on to the weather report.

Then came terrifying news. The flight from St. Louis that I and the girls were on was in difficulties. The plane was running through a severe thunderstorm.

He looked out of the window and could see nothing but thick, low-lying black clouds lit up by lightning such as he'd never seen before. One clap of thunder followed another. He announced that the plane had dropped 20,000 feet and was in real danger.

## ● To page 58

## NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



## why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.
2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours you like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

With Nestlé's, you can safely train baby's sense of taste in just two easy steps.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks

when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some yourself it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. They do more than just feed.

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

## A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change con-

tinually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

## Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

## Suggested menu 9-12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg and Bacon Breakfast. A rush or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chicken Dinner. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg Custard with Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Lamb Liver Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chocolate Custard. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

\*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's  
BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



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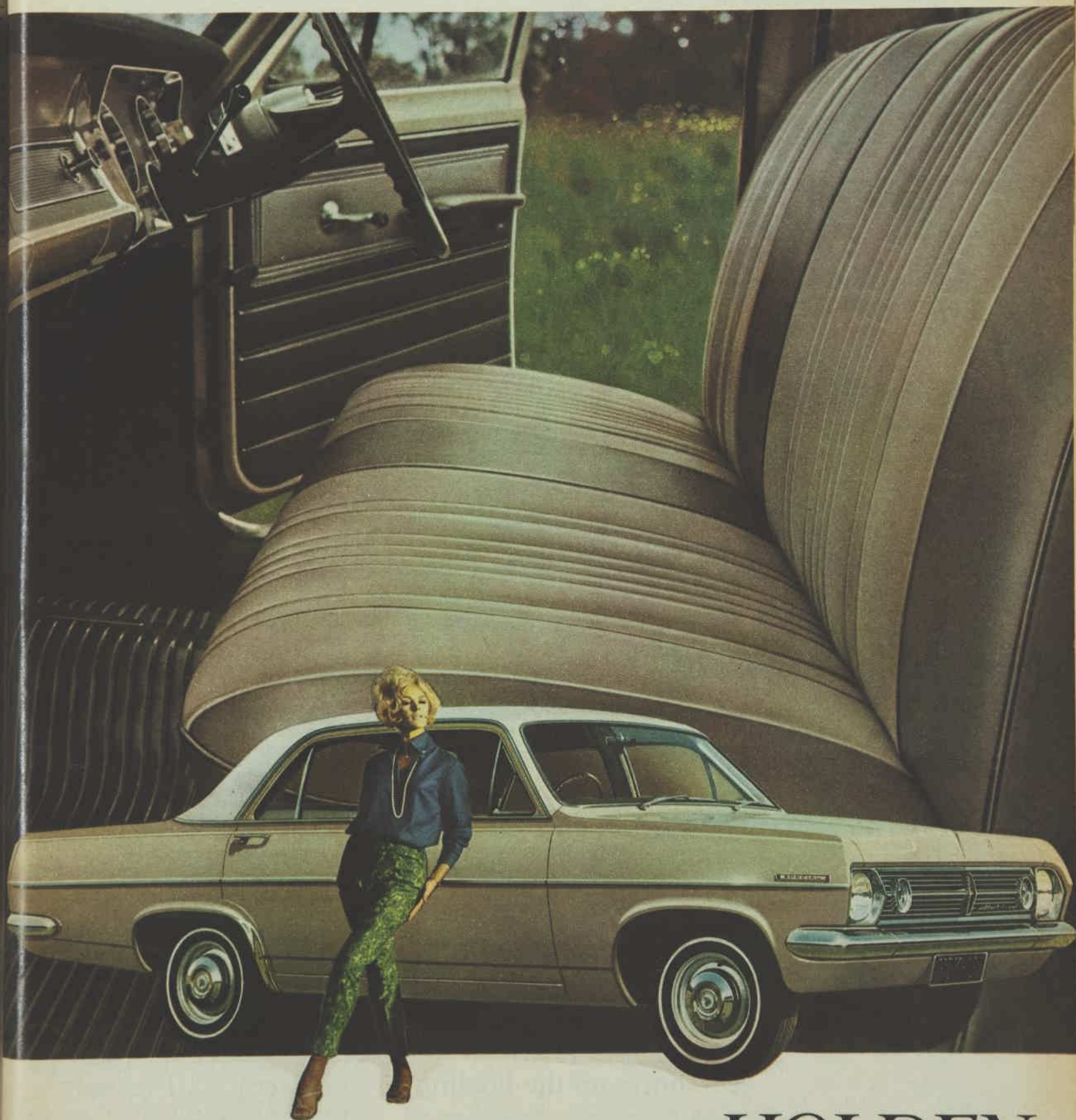


# *Sitting in it says it best!*

The new good looks of Holden's interior (its smart new colours and fabrics) are there for all to see. But the new comfort — that's something you just can't appreciate by looking. You need to sit behind the wheel and feel how wonderfully supple that new upholstery is. It's called Sadlon. Deeply pleated, softer and with far more 'give'. And it's combined with a new type of foam padding to make the seats as

restful as your favourite armchair.

So next time you're down your Holden dealer's way, call in and sit awhile. Settle back and let him tell you what else is new in Holden for '66. Its style — a sleeker, longer, lower look that'll take your eye. Its performance — quieter, easier-to-handle, so smooth we call it Turbo-smooth. You'll find there's never been a better time to make Holden one of the family.



## *New Turbo-smooth* **HOLDEN**

AUSTRALIA'S OWN CAR — FROM \$1,770 PLUS TAX

GENERAL MOTORS-HOLDEN'S

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 29, 1966

Page 57





**KEEP** the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

● From page 56

He had just read the news when I walked into the control room. We had had the most awful flight. At one time we literally turned upside down. All the girls were terribly sick, but we got through. I rushed straight to the radio station and joined Alexander for the last ten minutes of the program.

Next day the store was packed. We were mobbed. Even Alexander collected his own private fan club as the result of his radio work. He was absolutely delighted. Sick of Mary Quant fans, he wanted his own!

We think of Kansas City as the pay-off for the whole trip. Thousands and thousands of kids turned up for the shows and they were so nice, good-looking, intelligent, inquiring, that it made all the nightmare worth while. They were so in love with our ideas and with the



# QUANT BY QUANT

clothes. They knew all about us and what we were trying to do. They really cared.

And to me — and all of us — this was the most exciting thing in the world.

When Alexander appeared from behind one of the screens, he got screamed at!

They loved the short, short skirts. They would have liked theirs as short as Kari-Ann's, but schools don't approve! I don't think anybody except perhaps the very, very young will ever dare to cut their skirts as short as we do.

I know we were looked at as a pretty odd-looking bunch. Complete strangers would come up to us —

sometimes a whole string of them — in hotel lobbies and at the airports and say something like, "What are you? What are you doing here? How extraordinary you look."

Finally Sandy got fed up with saying, "We're a fashion group. This is Mary Quant," and started saying, "We're the latest pop group from London. We're The Junket Creams!"

The name stuck!

We had to have police protection to get us back to our hotel in Kansas City. Not that we wanted to be protected from the girls, but we would never have got

through the streets without it.

And when we arrived we found that about 60 of them had beaten us to it. They were already in the foyer fighting off the concierge or bell-boy captain or whatever he's called, insisting that they were not going to leave until we arrived. We took a whole lot of them up to our rooms. They wanted to know everything. They may have appeared star-struck with all their screaming and raving, but they were very intelligent girls as well.

They absolutely bombarded us with questions. They lapped up anything we could tell them about London. They asked . . . What is it like to work in the fashion trade over here?

. . . Do all the girls look like Kari-Ann and Sarah and Sandy? . . . What are the Beatles really like? . . . and the Rolling Stones?

**H**OW does one start being a designer? . . . Why does everything happen first in London now and not in Paris? . . . Why doesn't anything happen first in America? . . . If they ever managed to get to England, where should they go? . . . Could they ring us up and would we give them introductions to the exciting people there?

They were all mad about the Vidal Sassoon haircut; in the end we all had pairs of scissors and did our best to imitate Vidal. A good thing he wasn't there to see us! But the kids loved it.

The floor was knee-deep in golden hair by the time we'd finished. Fortunately, we were getting out of town on the milk plane next morning.

Back in New York, we had four days in which to launch the second Puritan collection to the Press, do some radio work, and make some television, particularly the Merv Griffin show, before we went back to London.

The Press launch went off beautifully. The Americans seem to love shows at nine o'clock in the morning with elaborate breakfasts.

Breakfast over, we ran through the Youthquake film. As it ended, a curtain was drawn back at one end of the room and The Skunks started playing rather quietly.

On the stage were four beds with an antique telephone beside each one. In each bed was a girl with the bedclothes pulled right up to her nose, lying flat on her back, her glossy boots sticking out over the end.

One by one the telephones went off. One by one the girls woke up, terribly sleepy and rubbing their eyes and yawning. Suddenly they all leapt out of bed; they were wearing the new clothes.

This gave the show just the right kind of kick-off.

It was a terrific show. Tuffin and Foale (young English designers) were there and two young American designers who are also in our Youthquake thing of Puritan's. It worked marvelously.

The more of us there are, the better it will always work. No one person can put over a new philosophy. There has got to be support from others. We are all different, but in a sense we're all taking bites from the same apple. We're all aiming at the same thing, but at different parts of the target. Whatever one of us does will help the others.

When the show was over, the girls went up on to the roof to be filmed for the Merv Griffin show. There was a thunderstorm so they had to dance about in the rain.

Afterwards, the New York "Herald Tribune" photographers came backstage. They jostled into the girls' dressing-room and found them lying flat on the floor absolutely out. This was the picture they took. It appeared next morning.

I thought it rather good because it put over far better than any ordinary photograph the terrific pace and impact and the fantastic effort these girls have to make to translate the mood into visual fact.

All the way back to London in the plane, Alexander and I tortured each other with all the crises and disasters we knew would be waiting for us. We had never been away so long before.

Imagine our chagrin to find that everything was going swimmingly. To add insult to injury, someone asked me if I had enjoyed my holiday.

However, even this was capped by Great-aunt Flora, who asked Alexander's mother, "When is he going to get a proper job?"

THE END

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# Now the boys show what they can do

**S**CHOOLBOYS created two of the most-talked-about displays in the Guild Furniture Exhibition held recently at Sydney Showground.

Boys aged 15 to 17 from Asquith High School built and decorated a feature room suitable for an A-frame house.

Art students designed the room and made a model, which was followed out in full-scale by the manual arts department.

The boys wove, screen-printed, and made up large curtains. They made lamps, sculptures, coffee sets, and two ceramic-tiled tables, as well as a settee, bookstand, and record and magazine covers to give their exhibition room a "lived-in" look.

The physics class looked after the lighting and made a switchboard.

The display was the result of more than five months' planning and eight weeks' construction. Fifty boys and their teachers worked many hours after class.

At last year's Guild Furniture Exhibition boys from Granville High School pioneered this kind of project by furnishing and decorating a room. This year they built and furnished a modern rumpus room.

Forty students in the arts and crafts classes teamed up for the job.

"We were thinking ahead to the technological age which will give people more leisure," said Granville's art master, Mr. Ken Reinhard. "Our room gives scope for activities like music and painting."

The boys printed all the fabric used for the central color theme, gold and green, the school colors. They built the entire record-player and made table-lamps, bookshelves, a desk and chair, sculptures, and paintings.

Both school projects were helped by a number of firms donating such things as

## Teenagers' WEEKLY

foam-rubber, floor-boards, and curtain fittings. Although Granville found it hard to estimate the exact cost of their project, Asquith School thought theirs was worth about £400.

After the exhibition the Granville boys took home the things they'd made for the display, but the Asquith exhibit will become a permanent feature of the headmaster's foyer.

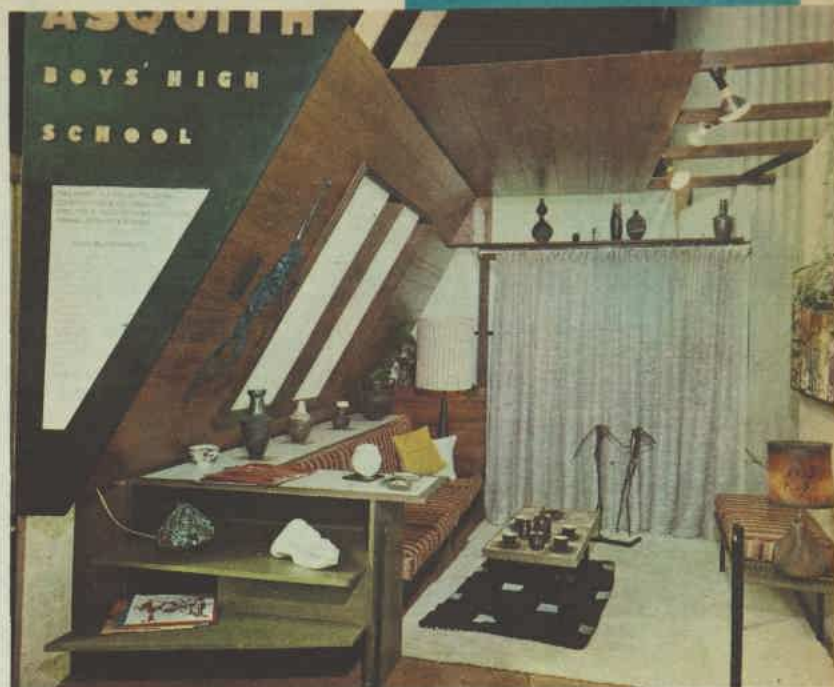
### RUMPUS ROOM



**ABOVE:** Granville's own school colors were chosen for the rumpus room at the Guild Furniture Exhibition. Students screen-printed all the fabric, even made the radio-gram themselves.

**AT LEFT:** Robert Sing holds a length of curtain while Robert Hopping puts finishing touches to sculpture. At work on the wall is Ron Newman.

### FEATURE ROOM



**ASQUITH PUPILS** built this room, suitable for an A-frame house. Boys from the art, manual art, and physics departments worked to make all the fittings, furniture, decorations, including murals.

**AT RIGHT:** Making curtains was just one of the many jobs for members of Asquith High's special arts class. Some of the boys on the project worked every lunch-hour for two months.



**BELOW:** Working on exhibits for the display are Asquith students Peter Williams, who's putting finishing touches to his paintings, Richard Turnbull, with a sculpture, and Stephen Meads, making a flowerpot.





## Is space exploration a waste?

**FAYE PERRY**, who thinks that the world's starving millions must have preference over the moon race, is absolutely right. The Indians, Chinese, and Japanese have starving people, but Russia and America waste money on moon travel, exploration, and tests. The U.N. ought to do something about it. — "Vince," Newtown, N.S.W.

**I AM** sure, Faye Perry, that your point of view has been put forward many times before this. Probably one of your ancestors said in 1492, "Mark my words, that Columbus fellow will never return. I tell you he is going to topple over the edge of the world, which everyone knows is flat, and all that money will be wasted. Even if he does find another land, it won't be worth anything."

Just as it was impossible for people in those times to know what he would find, so it is impossible today to know what is in our solar system. If there is another planet which can support human life, then that planet can take care of the "starving millions." The problem will be much greater a century hence. It would be too late to start exploration then — we must start now. — Catherine Lance, Speers Point, N.S.W.

**I DON'T** agree that space research is a waste of money. Satellites do help us. There are cameras transmitting films with data back to us, and devices for weather forecasting circling us in space. These all help in running our own planet better. Man will always want to learn and space provides great scope. We can't live on

a planet and be oblivious of our surroundings. It would be very dull, unimaginative, and unprogressive. — E.P., Frankston, Vic.

**IT** may be found that life on distant planets is possible. Research into food problems during space flight will probably produce nourishment in concentrated form which will ease our world food shortage. Valuable minerals may be found which will enrich some countries made poor by lack of natural resources. Thus space research may provide the answer to the food problem, rather than worsening the situation. — Lesley Dowse, Picton, N.S.W.

## Lost interest

**I AM** a 16-year-old girl in a sub-senior year at high school. I have always been good at schoolwork until this year, when I find I have lost all interest in lessons and homework and don't even feel guilty about it. I do just enough work to scrape through, but never any extra study. Only on rare occasions do I pay attention in class, and often find myself dozing.

I do go out quite a bit, but don't think much about it, so social life can't be the problem. It is very important that I pass Senior well if I am to continue studying for my career, and also that some change take place before the next exams. Maybe some of you have gone through this change of attitude, too, and beaten it, so please help me. — W. Bliss, Hamilton, Qld.

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# Letters

## Dad's pants became skirt

**I MADE** myself a fashionable mod skirt from Dad's old brown corduroy trousers. I cut off the legs just below the crotch and undid the seams. This gave me four pieces of a cone skirt. I used the two narrow sections for the front and the wide sections for the back, joining the straight edges together to form the centre-front and centre-back seams. The cuffs joined gave me a ready-made waistband, and I darted the waist to fit. I inserted the zip and finished the band with a button and button-hole.

I dressed it up with a plastic cord round the waist falling low at the front, and was wearing it an hour after I dragged the old trousers out of the trunk. — Morag Macdonald, Albury, N.S.W.

## Copy cats

**WHEN** I was at school I used to dream of the time when I started work and could be original in my dress and make-up. Now I have started work and am disillusioned. There are six girls aged between 16 and 22. If one gets a new skirt anyone else wanting a skirt gets a similar one. It's the same with jumpers, shoes, or boots. Then one decides to tint her hair, and one by one they all tint their hair the same color; another "discovers" a certain perfume and soon they all smell alike. It's good to be with teenagers with "go," but I wish they were more original. — Dianne Barry, Kalinga, Qld.

## Great weekend

**RECENTLY** our church youth group held an organised leisure weekend at a youth camp. The attendance was perfect, with 100 each of boys and girls, ages ranging from 14 to 20. We had a fancy-dress barn dance the first night. Next day a hike in the bush was organised with fires waiting at our destination, at which we could cook our meat. At meal-times everyone helped set tables and do dishes. We played games at night and had folk-singing. Everyone made new friends and went home happy and in agreement that it had been a marvellous weekend. — Maureen A. Olsen, Belmont, W.A.

## Students' council

**I WOULD** like L. A. Good, who complained about the outmoded prefect system, to know that in our Victorian secondary schools there is, as well as a prefect body, a students' representative council consisting of a member from each form. Meetings are held every second week at which ideas from all forms are brought forward, and, if carried, are taken to the headmaster for approval. Prefect meetings are also held regularly. — R. K. Richards, Wodonga, Vic.



**THE** school which I attend has both prefects and a student council. The council consists of class captains from every class as well as prefects, with the head prefect as chairman. It meets once a month and discusses various problems of the school. If we have any complaints we tell our own representative and she puts them forward at the meeting. Then, if action is considered necessary, a vote is taken. If the majority are in favor, a suggestion is then put forward to the headmistress. Anyone may attend these meetings, but only representatives may vote. — Marilyn March, Prospect, S.A.

## TV at school

**M** LEIGHTON, who complained that TV in the classroom was not as effective as "live" lessons, is not alone in this belief. If a teacher is giving the lesson you can ask her to explain the subject, or ask questions about it, whereas with TV or films you cannot. Also the teacher is not inclined to explain it as fully as she would if giving the lecture herself. — Pamela Hamer, Camden, N.S.W.

**TELEVISION** has an advantage in such subjects as chemistry. Sometimes there are experiments that are dangerous, or too expensive for the class to do. Through TV the one experiment can be shown to many children. Also it is useful for students in higher classes to hear French, or other foreign languages, spoken in plays or stories. — Anne Moriarty, Edwardstown, S.A.

## Mods are OK

**BRICKBATS** to K. Barton, who denounces mods. I am a mod, as are all my friends, and none of us look scruffy, "hang around," or are effeminate. When I see youth, work-shy and dirty, outside coffee lounges I immediately observe that none of them are mods. Doesn't the word "mod" stand for modern or new? Surely sloppiness in dress is a sign of uncouthness, which is not a part of this day and age. — Philip Saj, Elizabeth Vale, S.A.

## Nothing new

**IF** anyone thinks that the "parents-teacher squabble" is something new, the following should change his opinion: "Our youth now love luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority . . . They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up their food, and tyrannise their teachers." — Plato (born 428 B.C.) — Gerard Sainsbury, Fremantle, W.A.

## Help "footies"

**MANY** healthy boys play football for their schools and I think to encourage them there should be some sort of compensation such as free insurance or mouth guards. Perhaps some large organisations, such as Rugby League, who have many first grade footballers with disfigured faces through injury, could supply mouth guards to young players to protect them. — "Protection," Merrylands, N.S.W.

## Ten rules

**HERE** are ten rules for parents which would, I think, reduce juvenile delinquency.

1. Encourage children to bring home their friends and introduce them to you — especially your own children's dates.
2. Sensibly advise your children on the dangers of smoking and drinking, and impress on them the wrongs and rights of life.

3. Allow your children to talk to you about their teenage interests and let them play their records and listen to their radios in the house.

4. Have some tolerance about their taste in clothes and hairstyles but, tactfully, try to stop them from going to extremes.

5. Never read your children's mail or diaries, and thus betray their confidence.

6. Do not allow excessive use of the family car.

7. Teach your children to respect other people's property.

8. Encourage them to join youth clubs and play sport regularly.

9. Do not attempt to be "with it." Teenagers do not expect their parents to sing the latest songs and dress like them.

10. Last, and most important—help your children to realise that good morals are best policy. — "Teenager Who Knows," Renmark, S.A.

## LOW-DOWN ON HIGH FASHION

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that an American, Ralph Nader, has caused quite a stir in the U.S. motor industry with a book attacking car safety.

**THE** industry has hit back, claiming, in part, that drivers are as much to blame as the vehicles.

A similar fuss has blown up over the female fashion industry's latest models, mini-skirts.

A disillusioned young man-about-town, Ralph Kneeder, has published an expose called "Unsafe At Any Height."

One of his revelations is that recently the huge dressmaking concern, General Modders, had to recall millions of mini-skirts for modifications.

Irate buyers complained that the hems were too low.

Millionaire mini-skirt manufacturer Mr. Henry Poured talked to me about the problem:

"It's not our skirts that are inefficient, it's the person above the hem.

"Few girls wear skirts properly.

"Official control of the industry won't prevent trouble if an inexperienced girl tries to show her knees.

"Skirt-wearing conditions have changed dramatically, with congestion in protest marches and discotheques, low-slung cars, and go-go steps."

Mr. Poured said that special equipment to guarantee trouble-free wearing — collapsible lengths for sitting down, and leg-slimming cosmetics — would not save a girl if she had been over-eating before wearing.

Commenting on Mr. Poured's views, Mr. Kneeder told me:

"I will continue to watch mini-skirts closely.

"I am not doing it for money, but for a more important reason.

"It's a lot of fun."

Robin Adair



# CLOTHES FOR MODS



**HIPSTER TROUSER SUIT** has a cow-boy look about it. In denim, with striped bands to give it a lift, the suit is worn over a skinny rib sweater. The pants bell out at the ankles.

● A look at what's being worn in London—bell-bottom trouser suits, startling patterns, and see-through cellulose dresses!



**CHECKS and stripes** (left), all mixed and matched (and thus breaking the old-fashioned law of what is "right"), were included in a collection sent to America to promote British gear.

**TOFFEE-PAPER dresses** (above) are on sale in London in brilliant (though transparent) blues, emeralds, reds, and yellows. The only problem is what to wear underneath them.



**SLEEK AND SHINY** full-length black evening coat in plastic shows that casual clothes and styles are the very latest for formal occasions. Worn over a slim white full-length shift in embossed cotton.

## The OUT Crowd

■ Listen, everyone! Has this ever happened to you? Read my story and see if you recognise your own tragic situation . . .

By a New South Wales reader

ONE day recently I happened to be flipping through a fashion magazine. It was one of those with a terrifically glamorous female on the cover, the very sight of which made you dig into your pocket to buy it.

That was my first mistake. Having bought it I happened to chance upon an article entitled simply "IN and OUT," with two neat little columns beneath the heading.

(Friends, I write this in the hope you may benefit from my gross stupidity.)

I not only read this article but became so taken in by it that I immediately launched a "Saving Money for IN Items" project.

This entailed having tremendous will-power and self-control, as I had to cut

out lunch at least twice a week and do completely without all those nourishing titbits one buys from time to time, in order to save a reasonably substantial amount for my project.

I then lost no time in hurling out, or giving away to any lesser-informed friends, any items which I had noted in the OUT column.

Finally, months later, when I had saved up a fair



sum, the wonderful, wonderful time of splurge came!

Pleased! Oh, never had I been so pleased with myself as I tripped off gaily into town with my purse jingling, gay and happy in my naive belief that soon I would be IN.

I knew just what I was going to buy. All these fab IN things, and I imagined that when I walked down the street, people would turn their heads and think to themselves: "Hey, she must be pretty IN."

With childish enthusiasm I selected and bought my precious things.

The IN Crowd! The IN Crowd! I couldn't stop thinking about it.

But then (well, it was

some time later, actually) it happened.

Fate, Destiny, Providence — something like that, anyway — stepped in and, with one foul sweep, dashed my enthusiasm to the ground.

It happened simply enough. There I was, happily flipping through this outrageously stimulating magazine, when my eye chanced upon this innocent little article entitled simply "IN and OUT."

I read it, and a few minutes later I was transformed into a very deflated, depressed, and debased human being.

I discovered that all my lovely, fab, terrific IN things were now completely and unutterably OUT, OUT, OUT, and nobody would even consider wearing them for a

moment, or even be seen with anybody wearing them.

And here I was unashamedly, unknowingly gallivanting around town in them, feeling quite proud!

But nay, I rebel. Are you still with me? Do you recognise yourself? Don't cry, don't worry, don't panic, don't despair.

Let's face it. We're OUT! We're completely OUT, and no matter how hard we've tried, we've failed miserably at being IN.

But wait! I have the solution. Here we have an example of turning our liability into an asset.

You and I, my friends, are the first fully fledged, fully qualified members of "The OUT Crowd!"

Grabs you doesn't it? No need to feel insecure, unwanted, unloved. Not any more.



Now you can say proudly: "Yes, actually I'm in with the OUT Crowd."

People will gulp, people will gape. Then they'll be on their knees begging to know all the ins and outs of being OUT and you will tell them they don't really qualify for it because they are too IN!

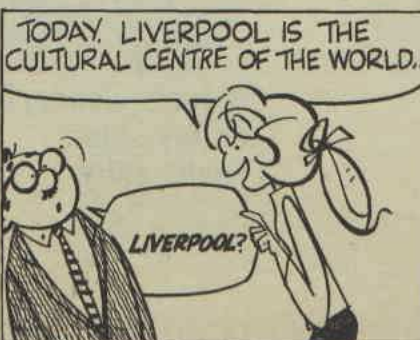
You see they are so IN that they can't get out!

We, you and I, will be exclusive — yes, mysterious even.

So c'mon! It's the most economical set to be in, take it from me.

Come and be OUT. It's very IN!

## PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Her first move

"I AM 15 and have a boyfriend who is so shy that he is not game to ask me to sit with him at the pictures. Everyone knows we love each other, and several times friends have suggested I make the first move to let him know that I want to sit with him. I think he may be waiting until I'm 16, but I want him to sit with me now. What should I do?"

"Desperate," Qld.

Quite often it is up to the girl to make the first move, but this must be done discreetly, as boys always want to be the hunter—not the hunted. Without making it obvious, you and a girlfriend could just happen to be at the

ticket box at the same time as this boy, and if you're talking in the queue (I trust that if "everyone knows you love each other," you do know each other) suggest casually that you all sit together. If he really wants to sit with you, he'll be delighted at the suggestion; also glad that YOU finally made it!

### Is he worth it?

"I AM a girl of 15 in love with a boy of 17. I went on a date with him and he kissed me good-night, then suddenly turned a snob and very seldom says hello. He said he loved me, and I believed him. My sister, who is his age, says she does not like him, but she often flirts with him. He has a few other

girlfriends and tries to make me jealous when he does talk to me. Mum tells me not to worry, but I feel very depressed and nervous. How can I get him to ask me for another date? I have been told I am extremely attractive for my age."

"In Love," South Australia.

There may be some way you could wangle another date with this boy, but why bother? If he doesn't say hello to you, boasts about his other girlfriends, and isn't very friendly at all, you wouldn't have a very good time, would you? If you try to forget this boy and think about others you know—or may meet—it would be much more exciting. And, remember, if this boy really loves you, he'll be back.

### Haunted by loss

"WE are a group of girls who really need your advice about one of our close friends. She had an unfortunate experience during the Christmas holidays when her boyfriend was killed in a car accident. She is haunted by his memory and is still greatly distressed. Many boys, one in particular, have asked her out but she turns them down, telling us she would like to go out but is afraid of being untrue to the dead boy she loved."

"Sad," Qld.

Her problem is one that only time can heal. You can help by making sure she doesn't stay at home and brood. Take her with you on your outings whenever you can and see that she meets plenty of young people.

### Drop the girlfriend?

"I OFTEN attend the local picture theatre, and every now and then a school dance. My problem is that I always go to these functions with a girlfriend who lives close by. On the last occasion my boyfriend asked could he walk me home and I accepted, but I didn't know what to do about my friend. Should I have asked her to go home with some other friends or walk home with my boyfriend and me?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

As you went to the dance with your friend, you cannot desert her. Why not walk to her house first and continue on to your place with your boyfriend? If she suggests that she go home with other friends, that leaves you free—as long as your parents approve.

### Many dates

"MY mother thinks I am not old enough at 16 to be going out with a different boy each week. I think I would rather move round and enjoy myself than be stuck with one boy all the time. The only thing is that if I go out with every one I will have a very bad reputation. I don't smoke or drink. I have discussed this with a few boys and they think I'm doing the best thing. Mum says I am only a pick-up. Is this true? What shall I do? Please tell me what is the best thing, because I don't want to defy my mother."

"Unsettled," Victoria.

It is natural for a girl of 16 to want to go out with different boys instead of going steady—and it's a good idea. But in doing so you must be sure that you're genuinely interested in these boys and not just accepting date after date for another "feather in your cap." Some girls go out with so many boys that they never take the time to get to know any of them. They may find themselves on the shelf, with no good friends at all. As for your reputation, this is entirely up to you. Behave yourself, as your parents have taught you, and people won't have anything to talk about.

"Darlings I'm  
the most talked about  
talc-around-town!"



"I love its new look...all pretty and pink."  
"Of course, it was designed in New York by Donald Deskey."



"Just adore its fragrance."  
"Actually, three fragrances blended together... just like their skin perfume."



"I'm using Three Flowers consistently now."  
"Well naturally, it's the talc for all grown up women."



"It feels wonderful on my skin... really silky."



"With real deodorant protection too! Almost unbelievable for 39c and 79c!"  
"Skin perfume 69c."

three flowers talc and skin perfume for young women of all ages



# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3818.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with princess seaming, suitable for many occasions, low-scooped neckline, three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

3815.—Popular raglan-sleeved, smock-type dress with cowl collar and patch pockets. The back-pleated scarf hat is also included in the pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

3240.—Useful co-ordinates. Sleeveless dress with V-neckline and long-sleeved blouse with pointed collar. Pattern also provides overblouse and separate skirt. Sizes: Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3811.—Girl's sleeveless dress and collarless, lined-to-edge box jacket. Full-length coat also in pattern. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest (4 to 12). Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.



2571.—Large size range jacket dress. Jacket is semi-fitted and dress has banded, scooped neck, bloused bodice, and fitted, slim skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/3 or 52 cents includes postage.

3348.—Toddler's dress with elasticised ruffle at neck and sleeves. Sizes ½ to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, having broken his hypnotic spell over The Cobra by firing three warning shots into the air, is again at the mercy of his enemy. Mandrake's signal is heard. NOW READ ON...



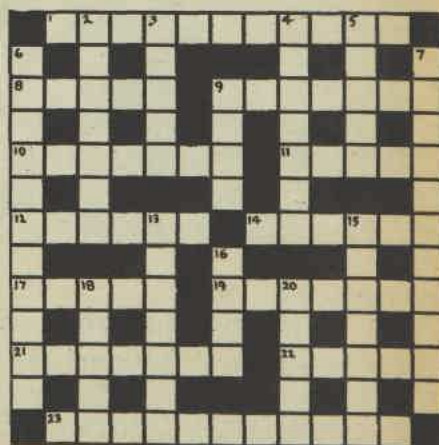
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Releases from punishment where the sailor has the explanations (11).
- Cold dwelling in a cold climate (5).
- Heated horse-goaded instrument; nickname for Henry Percy, who lived from 1364 to 1403 (7).
- Inaugural gift, starting with the end of an arm (7).
- Organs of smell (5).
- Reprimanded severely with a late heart (6).
- Make off turning the mace inside (6).
- Leg in fire on hearth (5).
- Car with a hole brings a disease (7).
- Late din (anagr., 4-3).
- A young fellow occupies the middle of an open space in a wood (5).
- Deadly epidemic diseases can silence pets (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

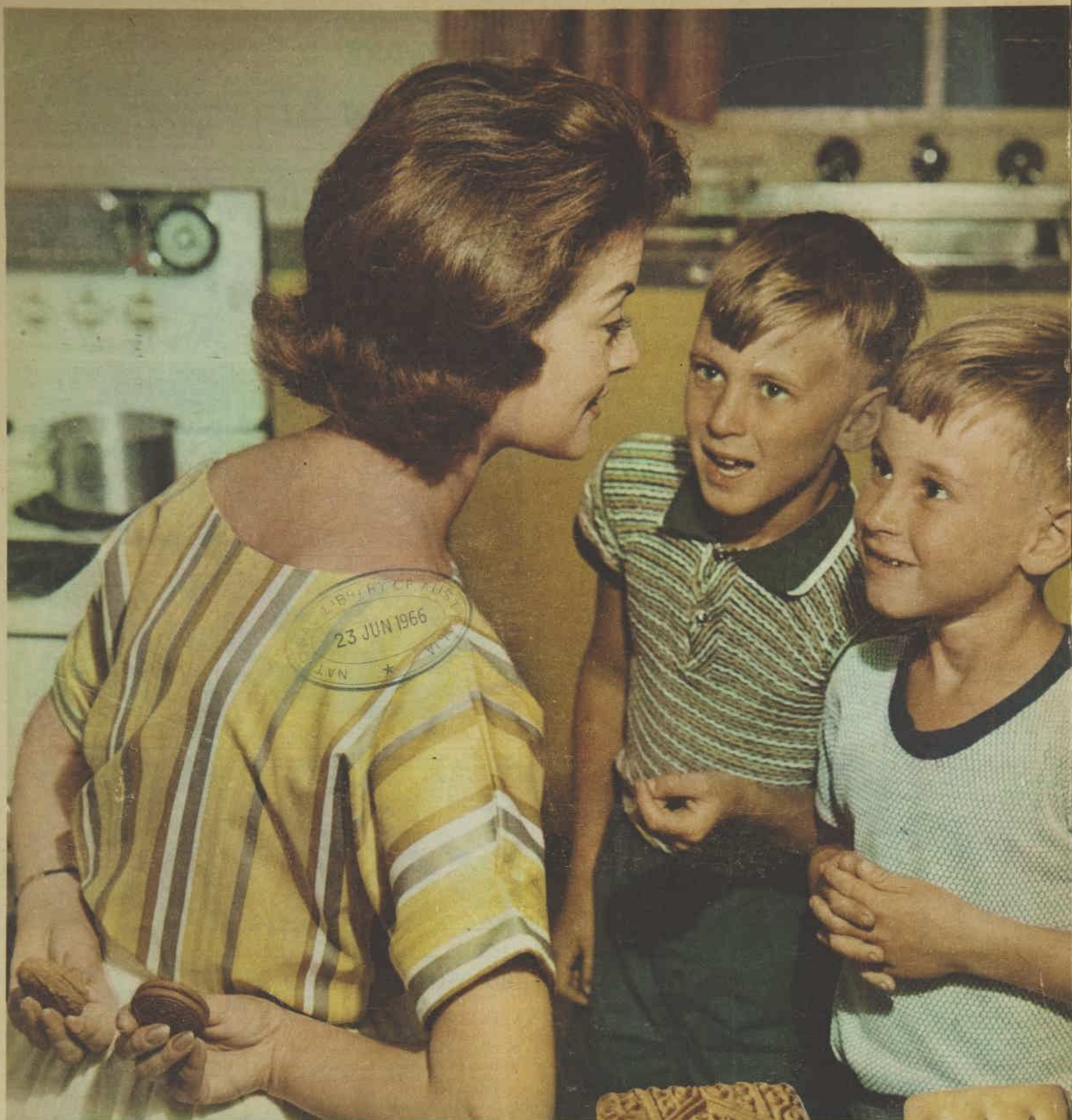


Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- I blend a girl's name (7).
- High-pitched woodwind instruments (5).
- Existing in a high degree (7).
- Backs of necks (5).
- Sleeping apparel (5-6).
- They indicate that doctors are nearby (5, 6).
- Keep fast in alcohol disinfectant (4).
- Hillary reached the top of it in 1953 (7).
- Hail violent anger in common run (7).
- A Castilian hero is sour (4).
- Flow gently if you put the cover of an eye inside (5).
- Musical wind instrument (5).





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The Australian

**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

presents . . .



# PROFESSIONAL TOUCHES

## for home dressmakers

with Vogue Patterns

- How to sew bias
- How to sew laces
- How to achieve that individual touch
- How to achieve the perfect shape
- Sewing techniques for a professional finish







**VOGUE 1544:** The perfect shape of this skimming dress is achieved by bias cut from neckline to hem. A choice of necklines and sleeve treatments is in this Vogue Basic Pattern (Easy to Make). Vogue 1544. Sizes 10 to 20. Price: 95c (includes postage and free label).

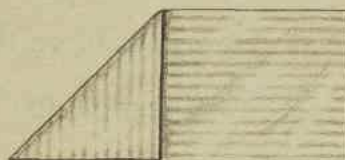
## How to sew bias

● The predicted shape for spring is a softened one with an accent on all that is feminine—easy lines; not-too-fitted, not-strictly straight skirt shapes; cowl necklines; and draped bodices. New fabrics are in wonderfully soft textures to capture the shape of the dress. This shape is in the cut, and one good method of achieving the new softened look is in the treatment of the bias cut, which is described on these pages. Bias lends itself to the current image of softness and femininity because it drapes and moulds so easily.

### To test true bias

**W**HEN sewing with bias, be certain that the fabric is grain perfect—that the lengthwise threads are at right angles to the crosswise threads.

True bias is diagonal to the crosswise and lengthwise threads at a 45deg. angle.



Sketch A

To determine true bias, fold a straightened edge diagonally so that it lies on the selvedge. The selvedges, then, lie at right-angles to each other. (Sketch A.)

To test the grain of a fabric, fold the fabric in half lengthwise and pin the edges

together at one end and along the selvedge. If the grain is perfect, the pinned fabric will lie flat when placed on a table. If not grain perfect, the fabric can be placed on grain in the following ways:

To straighten ends, snip selvedge and gently pull a crosswise thread. Cut fabric along this thread. Pull fabric on the bias to straighten threads.

If fabric is still off grain, fold fabric in half lengthwise and pin or hand baste ends and selvedges.

Fold fabric again to a suitable size and immerse in warm water. Leave in water for a few minutes. Remove and squeeze out (do not wring) excess water. Place on table; gently smooth out wrinkles and allow to dry. Fold fabric in layers if using a small table.

(It is advisable to have crepe straightened professionally by a dry-cleaner. Unless crepe is guaranteed washable it will shrink considerably when immersed in water.)

### In cutting bias

**M**OST techniques for sewing with bias are employed to prevent fabric from stretching.

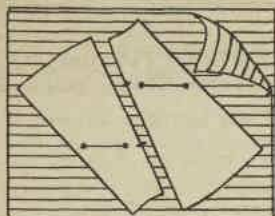


## HOW TO SEW BIAS (cont.)

### Cutting . . . interfacings . . . hems . . . fabrics

When buying a patterned fabric to be cut on the bias, allow an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. for matching.

It is important to note that bias stretches more than fabric on grain and should, therefore, be allowed to stretch before cutting. Loosely arrange pattern pieces on the fabric to give a general idea of how much fabric the bias pieces will require. (See sketch B.) Then cut pieces of fabric slightly larger than but in the general shape of the pattern pieces. Remove pattern and drape the fabric on a dress form or allow to hang overnight to stretch the fabric.



Sketch B

Do the same for lining and underlining. (Be sure they are on the same grain as the outer fabric or on the grain indicated by the pattern.) This stretching process is necessary only for those pieces on the bias. After stretching, replace pattern pieces on the fabric and cut.

#### Construction notes for sewing bias

**I**NTERFACINGS for neckline and armholes are cut on the straight

grain to prevent stretching in these seams.

A piece of true bias, stretched to its limit by pressing with a steam iron, may be used in the seam if pattern does not require interfacing.

Staystitch fabric on bias and off-grain edges and handle it as little as possible to prevent unnecessary stretching.

Follow pattern instructions for construction information. Include a piece of tissue-paper in the seam when pinning or basting garment. If stripes and plaids must be matched, pinning across the seamline shifts less than hand basting. Remove paper after seam is stitched.

#### Hemline on a bias-cut garment

**W**HEN garment is ready to be hemmed, allow to hang overnight. Then mark hem.

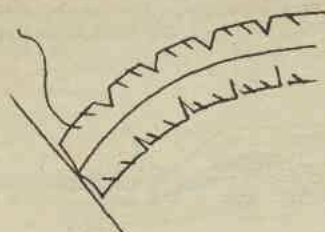
After hem is folded up, the excess fullness must be eased into the hem. Make a row of gathering stitches along the cut edge. Pin the hem at each seam. Draw up gathers to fit and distribute fullness evenly, using skirt seams as a guide. This requires only a slight amount of gathering—just so the hem will lie flat against the outer fabric. The more circular the hemline, the narrower the hem should be. Steam hem. Stitch bias tape to raw edge of hem. Stitch in place.

#### Suggested fabrics for bias cutting

**T**HE cutting of garment pieces on the bias is a most flattering and effective way of achieving that softened look for spring.

In a plain fabric the effect is for shape, drape-ability, and femininity. Bias cutting achieves a subtle clinging effect, which is stunning, especially in evening wear.

The use of patterned fabrics in bias cutting can create the fashionable geometric or op art look. The new abstract



• A curved bias seam. Note the topstitch finish. Notches help keep the seam flat in shaped seams as in pattern at right.

designs on printed silks, cottons, linens, and lightweight wools lend themselves ideally to bias cutting.

The selection of a check or a stripe can be most effective, especially when used in a bias yoke or front panel of a pieced bodice or skirt.

It is important to note that fabrics with nap (as velvet), or with a one-way design, are not suitable for bias cutting. It is also advisable not to use fabrics with a loose, open weave.



**VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1506:** Guy Laroche cut this bias-front bodice with a soft cowl neckline joining a lean sleeveless dress with topstitched seaming. An equally appealing look in patterned or plain fabrics. *Vogue Paris Original 1506.* Sizes 10 to 18. Price: \$1.60 (includes postage and free label).



## How to achieve that

● A creative dressmaker knows there is more to fine dressmaking than just completing seams. To help you achieve that individual look for your wardrobe, some examples have been selected from the many ways in which you can add that little something extra.

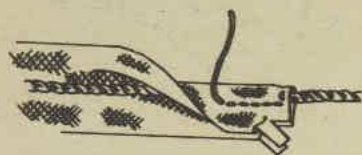
**FROGS** (shown in Vogue pattern 6623, illustrated on page 8)

**THESE** are an elegant focal point, made from self or contrast cording.

### Corded tubing for frogs

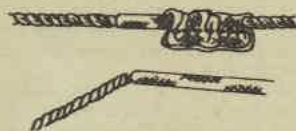
**USE** a fabric that slips over itself easily. Cut a bias strip 1½ in. wide and a piece of cable cord twice the length of the bias for pulling through. (For each side of the frog closing, approximately 30 in. of finished bias corded tubing will be needed.)

Attach centre of cord to one end of bias, fold bias over cord, and stitch, using zipper foot. Trim seam. (Sketch A.)



Sketch A.

Draw enclosed cord out of tubing. Automatically you will pull the free cord into the tubing. (Sketches B and C.)

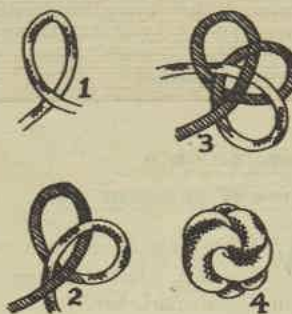


Sketches B and C.

To form frog, mark placement of frog on garment. Starting at the outside edge of the frog, work cording into loops as shown in picture at top left. Work on flat surface and pin loops after each step.

Be sure the seam does not show on the right side of the frog.

After making last loop, form a button loop by doubling the cord back on itself and tucking in under the last loop of the frog. Sew the two sides of the button loop together, allowing enough room for the button. Hand-stitch frog to the garment.



Steps in making a corded button.

**To make the corded buttons:** Make three interlocking loops from the cording as shown in sketches numbered 1, 2, 3. The shaded area shows the previous step.

After the last loop is made, hold ends of cording and pull loops evenly to make button (sketch 4). Cut off excess cording and whip-stitch ends to underside of button. Stitch button to frog.

**BEADED FRINGE** (shown in Vogue pattern 6722, page 8)

**USE** fringe that is attached to a flat braid. Baste the braid on the seam line so that fringe lies on the outside of the garment. Mitre braid at corners.

Place raw edges of the fabric together and stitch seam.

When fringe is placed along a folded edge it should be handled in the following manner:

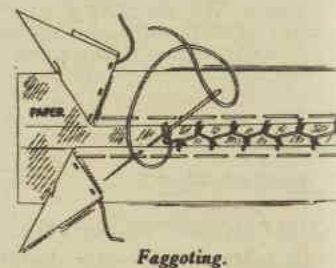
Mark fold line and press. Place woven strip along wrong side of the folded edge so only the fringe is visible on the right side of the garment. Stitch in place.

**FAGGOTING** (shown in Vogue pattern 6625, page 9)

**THIS** airy look is an effective, flattering means of accentuating line. The faggoting stitch is best done on a flat surface.

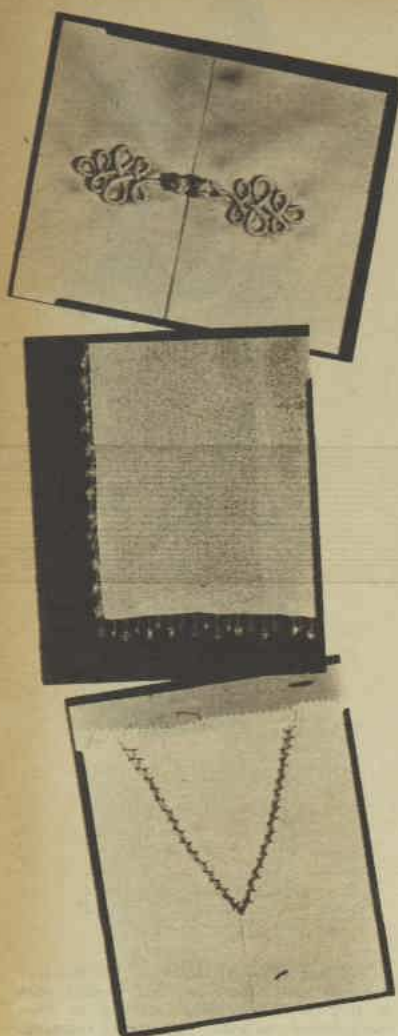
Draw parallel lines on a piece of paper the desired distance apart—the width of the faggoting. Baste seam allowances, right side up, along the lines.

Use buttonhole twist or embroidery thread and work the stitch from right to left. Bring needle through the top fold from wrong side of fabric. Enter the bottom



Faggoting.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1966



FROM TOP: Frogs, beaded fringe, faggoting.



# individual touch



1. SELF FRINGE.
2. QUILTING.
3. SELF BIAS BOUND EDGE.
4. PIPING.
5. PLAITED BIAS TUBING.
6. LACE TRIM IN JACKET LINING.

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fold diagonally as shown. Bring needle around back of thread and to the left across to the next stitch. Continue to end of seam.

If desired, the faggoting may be backed with self or contrasting fabric, or may be worked over a closed seam.

## 1. SELF FRINGE (shown in skirt pattern Vogue 6729, page 9)

**A** JAUNTY trim for a casual look. Cut a strip of fabric, on grain,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and the length of the seam.

Fold the strip in half lengthwise; press. Ravel both raw edges of the strip to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep.

Make a row of stitching  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the fringe; trim folded edge at the stitching line. Insert fringe between seam, raw edges even. Stitch seams. If working with plaid, match fringe to fabric.

## 2. QUILTING (an elegant touch in Vogue Jacket 6703, page 9)

**Q**UILT fabric before cutting pattern pieces. Three fabrics are needed for quilting; outer fabric, cotton wadding, and voile. Place them together in that order.

To hold layers in place, make rows of hand basting 3 in. to 4 in. apart.

It is best to quilt fairly large areas, but a square yard is generally the largest size that can be successfully quilted in one piece.

Attach quilting guide to machine at a predetermined distance from the needle for quilted pattern. Using 8 to 10 stitches per inch, make first row of stitching.

To ensure even spacing between rows, place quilting guide on previous row of stitches. If you have no quilting guide, draw the pattern on a piece of paper. Pin

on outer fabric as a stitching guide. Remove paper when stitching is completed.

If you have to quilt more than one piece of fabric, be certain that the quilting pattern is identical for each piece.

## 3. SELF BIAS BOUND EDGE (shown on Vogue 6717, page 8)

**D**ETERMINE the width of the finished binding. Cut bias strips four times this width by the measurement of the seams to be bound. Fold strip in half lengthwise.

Turn in raw edges so that they meet at the centre fold to ensure even seam allowances.

Construct the garment to the facing step. Then with wrong sides together, stitch facing to the garment  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deeper than the regular seam allowance. Trim at stitching line. Place bias strip along seam, raw edges even. Stitch on fold nearest edge. Turn bias strip to inside of garment and slip-stitch to facing. Seam allowances of the bias are used to pad the binding.

When stitching inward curves, stretch binding to fit curve. When stitching outward curves, ease binding to fit curve.

When binding a corner, pin bias to garment and, from right side, plan the mitre to fit around the corner. Fold under excess fabric and slip-stitch mitre. Stitch binding to garment along fold line.

## 4. PIPING (shown Vogue 6693, page 8)

**P**IPING is a simple way to define line. Cut a bias strip  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Fold in half lengthwise—wrong sides together.

Place cord along inside of fold, baste in place. Stitch close to cord with zipper foot. Pin piping along seam line of garment with cording to the outside of the garment. Baste. Stitch seam close to piping.

## 5. PLAITED BIAS TUBING (shown Vogue 6715, page 8)

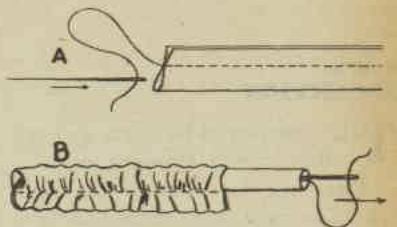
**E**ASILY done in self or contrasting fabric. When making plain tubing, do not trim seam away, as seam allowance forms filling for the tubing.

Stitch bias strip lengthwise, right sides together, the desired width from folded edge.

Thin fabrics require larger seams to fill the tube firmly. Heavy fabrics need smaller seams.

Attach a strong thread to one end of tube at the seam. Trim tube diagonally at that point to make it easier to turn. Using a large needle on this thread, push needle through tubing, head first. (See illustration A.)

Pull thread through tubing to turn it right side out. (See illustration B.)



To plait, make three lengths of tubing. Place the three lengths together at one end and stitch or tie to hold them in place.

Plait tubing so seams do not show on right side. Stitch ends of tubing together when finished.

Place plait on garment at desired position; pin. Hand-stitch to garment so stitches do not show.

## 6. LACE TRIM IN JACKET LINING (shown in Vogue 6704, page 9)

**A** WONDERFUL touch to add that custom finish is the lace trim on a lining.

After the lining has been inserted into the jacket, slip-stitch lace edging along the seam of the lining.

Also edge hems of skirts and linings with lace or ribbon. Make the inside of a garment as elegant and attractive as the outside.



## Individual touches (continued)

# Ways with lace and ribbon

### LACE INSERTION

**T**HE insertion of lace in a garment adds a pretty, feminine touch.

Place the lace flat to the right side of garment at the desired position.

Mitre corners where necessary.

Baste lace to garment close to edge.

From inside of garment, cut away fabric from under lace  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. from edge. Fold seam allowance back toward garment; press.

From right side stitch lace permanently, stitching in turned-back seam allowance.

If desired, stitch lace on top of fabric or back it with contrasting fabric and insert.

Vogue 6692, illustrated on this page, shows the effectiveness of a lace insert on a sleeveless skimmer.

### RIBBON TRIM

**A**DDING ribbon is one of the simplest and most effective ways of creating that individual touch to your wardrobe.

Ribbon can be used to highlight seaming detail, on collars and cuffs, as a trim at centre front, at neckline, and hemline.

Choose a matching color for the total effect or a contrast for a more dramatic look.

Determine the position of ribbon on garment. Pin or hand baste to dress, forming a mitre at corners.

Slip-stitch ribbon in place.

At the end of trim, fold under raw edges of the ribbon or extend it into the seam.

Note the use of fancy-edged ribbon on Vogue 6716 (at right).



**VOGUE 6692:** A romantic interpretation of the Vogue Patterns touch—a chevron of lace inserted below the V-neck of this lithe, sleeveless skimmer places the accent on femininity. Vogue 6692. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 85c (includes postage).

**VOGUE 6716:** Ribbon trim creates a striking effect. Chosen here is a broad band of ribbon to enhance the side seam and hem of this briefly sleeved dress. Easy to Make, Vogue 6716. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 85c (includes postage).

• Lace provides one of the most simple and attractive means of achieving a feminine look in the clothes you make. On pages 10 and 11 are full details on how to sew lace.

Here is a special suggestion for use of a lace trim: When you line a dress or a skirt, stitch purchased lace edging so that it creates the effect of an attractive slip.

Before turning up the lining hem, baste raw (or straight) edge of lace edging to wrong side of lining, with fancy edge of lace showing below lining.

Turn up required hem, turn lace back over hem. Baste. Then machine-stitch in place.



VOGUE  
COUTURIER  
design

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design

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## ● A sew-in label of distinction

IN this lift-out many suggestions are offered for adding the Vogue Pattern touch to your wardrobe.

Probably the simplest and most distinctive is the Vogue label, made of silk.

Some Vogue Pattern categories have their own identifying marks.

When the pattern you purchase is marked with any of the labels at left, you are entitled to a free sew-in label.

Labels are available free with the pattern you send for with the coupon on page 15; or from pattern departments in retail stores when you buy your pattern.

Be sure to identify your clothes as being Vogue.

## Hat patterns to make



AN attractive hat made in a color complementary to, or in the same fabric as, your outfit can be an individuality touch in the current "total" fashions. Vogue hat patterns are easy to make, and here are some hints on making hats, with details for ordering hat patterns illustrated above.

● **HOW TO MEASURE YOUR HAT SIZE:** Measure snugly around the forehead, sloping the tape measure down toward the back of the hairline (in much the same position as you would wear a headband). All hats illustrated, with the exception of Vogue 6432, are in one size, but fit head sizes 21½ in. to 23 in. because of built-in adjustability.

● When making a hat in washable fabric, be sure your lining is washable, too. The hats shown are completely packable, perfect for a travel wardrobe.

● The backing (underlining) in hats you make gives subtle shape and should be of canvas or buckram and sewn with the actual hat pieces as one fabric.

● In lining, avoid using fabrics sewn with a slippery surface, as these tend to slip on the hair.

**VOGUE 6605:** A smart bonnet is gay for day or evening wear. The bonnet made in rich lace, velvet, or glistening brocade creates a stunning effect for evening. Yardage required is ½ yd. of 36 in., ¾ yd. of 45 in., ¾ yd. of 54 in. material. Vogue 6605. One size only. Price 70c (includes postage).

**VOGUE 6121:** A snug-fitting cloche hat is always elegant. Pattern also includes softly folded cap version with tie at back. Hat shown is suitable for all fabrics with body such as linens, cotton, and wool, and takes only ½ yd. Vogue 6121. Easy to Make. One size only. Price 57c (includes postage).

**VOGUE 6676:** The casual chic of the scarf hat adds a smart touch to your wardrobe. Practical, too, for windy and rainy days. You can make it from a 36 in.-square purchased scarf or from only ½ yd. of 36 in., 45 in., or 54 in. material. Vogue 6676. One size only. Price 70c (includes postage).

**VOGUE 6432:** The petite pillbox is the perfect accessory for all seasons and a wide variety of occasions. You need only ½ yd. of fabric. Vogue 6432. Head sizes 21½ in., 22 in., 23 in. Price 57c (includes postage).

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## Elegant patterns to order

**VOGUE 6715** (see page 5 for instructions for plaited tubing): A dash of excitement on this sleeveless dress with the fresh look is the plaited self-tubing. It edges the sides of the skirt pleat and traces the waist in a self-belt. Easy to Make, Vogue 6715. Sizes 10 to 18. Price of the pattern: 85c (which includes postage).

**VOGUE 6722** (see page 4 for instructions for beaded fringe): Beaded fringe adds the touch for the cocktail hour when applied at neckline, hem, and narrow waist of this figure-tracing dress, and the border, cuffs, and pockets of its easy, pretty jacket. Vogue 6722. Sizes 12 to 20. Price: 85c (which includes postage).

**VOGUE 6683** (see page 4 for instructions to make frogs): A trio of self-frog closings decorate the jacket—a special elegance you can add to make this lean cocktail ensemble distinctively yours. Their elaborate swirls create a striking centre focus on the gently fitted, three-quarter-sleeve jacket, which is worn over a slightly widened Empire dress. Vogue 6683 Special Design. Sizes 10 to 16. Price: 95c (includes postage and free label).

**VOGUE 6693** (see page 5 for instructions for piping): Contrast piping introduces the chic custom look to dashing skimmer, defining the V-shaped cowl yoke. Vogue 6693. Sizes are 10 to 18. Price: 85c (includes postage).

**VOGUE 6717** (see page 5 for instructions for bias-bound edge): Simple shift achieves added appeal with self-bias binding rimming the low V-neck of the double-breasted closing. Worn over full-sleeved blouse, it is narrowly belted at the hipline. Vogue 6717. Sizes 10 to 16. Price: 85c (includes postage).



● See page 15 for order form



**VOGUE 6685** (see page 4 for instructions for faggoting):  
There's a graceful touch of faggoting on the long centre-front seam and attractive yoke of this A-line dress with demure short sleeves. Young Fashionables Design, Vogue 6685. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 85c (includes postage and free label).

**VOGUE 6729** (see page 5 for instructions for self-fringe):  
Here's just a little something extra—the casual perfection of fringed edges on a bias front A-line skirt with above-knee hemline. Easy to Make, Vogue 6729. Waist sizes 24 to 28. Price: 70c (which includes postage).



**VOGUE 6703** (see page 5 for instructions on how to quilt):  
Quilting—the hallmark of fine tailoring—is added to the pocket flaps and lapels of a versatile, three-quarter-sleeve, hip-length jacket. Vogue 6703. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 70c (includes postage).



**VOGUE 6704** (see page 5 for instructions on lace-finish for lining):  
More than meets the eye (lace edging in the lining) adds a note of luxury and elegance—the Vogue Pattern touch—to a double-breasted jacket. Vogue 6704. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 75c (includes postage).





## How to sew lace

● Lace, beautiful lace . . . it is one of those rare fabrics that gives a woman a touch of sheer elegance, a taste of luxury, and, all important, femininity. Lace is within the reach of everyone these days. You can select from the magnificent imported types at a luxury price, or from the very attractive, more reasonably priced laces. Lace has become a specialty item and most retail stores carry a lace department where you can browse at leisure and seek advice from specialists who know all the ins and outs of lace. On the opposite page you will find listed the types of lace most readily available in Australia, and this section sets out valuable advice on how to handle lace. Lace is not difficult to sew if you follow the hints given.

### To line, or not to line?

**L**ACE may be underlined completely or worn over a slip. The choice depends on your personal preference, the pattern you are using, and the lace.

The sheer laces with lightly embroidered patterns on net-like backgrounds, like Alençon and Chantilly, require an underlining such as a fine nylon net.

This underlining adds body and strength to take the strain of wear off the fragile lace.

You may leave the sleeves unlined for a transparent effect.

The heavier or re-embroidered laces, like Cluny or Venise, may be underlined for an opaque effect or worn over a slip.

**VOGUE 6635:** Two tiers of ruffles above the hem pronounce fashion with a Spanish accent for this slender silhouette, high at the neck and with long, narrow sleeves, shown in fine re-embroidered lace. Vogue 6635, Young Fashionables Design. Sizes 10 to 16. Price: 85c (includes postage and free label).

A nude-colored underlining will always give a sheerer effect than a darker color.

To underline lace completely, shrink the lace and underlining separately by pressing with a steam iron.

Press the lace with the right side on a heavy towel so as not to flatten it.

Place paper pattern pieces on lace fabric and cut. Cut underlining separately, making all pattern markings on the underlining.

Place the lace on the underlining, stitch together at the edges, and then handle as one piece.

Make the facings from the underlining fabric, as it is less bulky and more comfortable next to the skin.

Hems should be stitched to the underlining.

### Edging lace, flounces, and galloons

**A**LACE that has one scalloped edge and one straight edge and is 12in. wide or less is called an edging.

If it is wider than 12in., it is called a flounce.

When a lace has two scalloped edges, no matter how narrow or wide, it is called a galloon.

If you plan to use a scallop-edged lace, with the scallop at the hemline, you must determine the length before cutting.

Make the underskirt the correct length and let the innermost curve of the scallop extend below the hem of the underskirt.

If you decide not to underline heavy lace, use tulle, marquisette, or organza as interfacing.

Whether the lace is underlined or not, be careful to maintain the regular seam allowance in assembling all pattern pieces. Otherwise the finished garment will not have the proper shape or fit.

You can bind the neck and sleeve edges with bias fabric as in Vogue 6635 (at left).

Mark the length and trim hem to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Catch-stitch horsehair braid to the hem edge. Be sure the horsehair braid is even before you sew it to the lace.

Turn up on the marking and hem horsehair braid to the dress.

Narrow horsehair braid is best for slim skirts; use wider braid to make a full skirt stand out crisply.

See page 15 for more details about horsehair braid.



## Types of lace you can buy

● A selection of the world's finest laces is available in Australia. A little information about some of them is given below:

**Wool Lace:** 36" in width with an all-over design and most suitable for evening wear, frocks, and suits. \$3 to \$4 per yard.

**Chantilly:** 35". Has a scalloped edge and is available in varying weights from gossamer fine to heavy. \$2.5 to \$10 per yard.

**Cotton Laces:** 35"/36". "Imitation" re-embroidered and available in many attractive designs and colors. \$2 to \$7.95 per yard.

**Guipure Lace:** Available in 36" width, and 12" to 18", the latter being the heavier type of applique guipure, which is most effective as a trim. \$21 to \$53 per yard.

**French Ribbon Lace:** 35". Beautifully embroidered with ribbon. \$10.50 to \$25 per yard.

**Rich Embroidered Wool Lace:** 34"/35". Heavy, luxury wool lace. \$12.60 to \$21 per yard.

**Re-embroidered Lace:** 35". Embroidered with effective silk cord. \$14.70 to \$21 per yard.

### Seams in lace

**T**HE proper custom way to handle seams in lace is to overlap and applique the seams together, using the dominant design of the lace pattern as your seam line.

Cut the seams a little wider than normal and run a basting line on the seam line of each piece.

Place the basting line of one piece on top of the basting line of the other piece. Baste together on the seam line.

Following the dominant line of the lace pattern, whipstitch the two pieces together, being sure to backstitch every inch or so.

Trim away the excess lace on either side of the joined pieces. Your seams are practically invisible.

Straight seams in lace should be as fine and inconspicuous as possible. Double-stitch seams, the first stitching on the seam line and the second close to it in the seam allowance. Trim close to second stitching.

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### Add a sparkle to lace

**B**EADING can add a final touch of luxury to a lace dress.

Crystal or pearl beads, or sequins, sewn into the centre of a motif, can add a subtle shimmer and richness for after dark.

To attach loose beads by hand, use a fine beading needle and silk thread strengthened with beeswax.

Bring needle up from the wrong side of the fabric through the eye of the bead and backstitch to the wrong side of the fabric.

Continue in this way until the desired number of beads are attached.

Single sequins are sewn with a bead in the centre.

Bring needle up through fabric to right side. Put a sequin over the needle and then a bead. Drop them down on to the fabric and take a stitch over the bead and through the centre of the sequin to the wrong side.

Purchased bands or motifs of sequins are pinned in place and slip-stitched in position.

### A touch of lace

**L**ACE can be used most effectively in small ways to achieve that "one-of-a-kind" look for that special garment: A sheer lace sleeve on a cocktail dress; collars and cuffs; a lace bodice or yoke on a garment.

Guipure lace applied on a garment adds a luxury touch.

Remember, too, the sheer femininity of tiny lace edgings as a delicate trim.

Edge a front tab with lace trim and show a glimpse of lace edging at the hemline of a pretty dress. It's a youthful idea and just one of the innumerable ways in which lace can add that perfecting touch of individuality to the clothes you make.

**VOGUE 6637:** Exotic rich ribbon lace dress has blouson bodice and tiny shoulder straps. The skirt is slightly gathered at the waist. Special Design, Vogue 6637. Sizes 10 to 18. Price: 95c (includes postage and free label). Pattern also includes evening coat and short versions





● *Fashion is shaped and moulded by interfacing and underlining:*

## How to achieve that perfect shape

● The means by which the perfect shape is achieved are nearly always hidden to the viewer of the perfect garment with enviable custom fit.

Shaping and moulding fabrics into subtle silhouettes depends, more often than not, on a humble but most important group of materials known as interfacings and underlinings.

The magic these materials can work has long been valued by professionals, who use them with excellent results.

So can you. The technique of using them is simple.

On your Vogue Pattern envelopes, under material required, you will often find reference to yardages necessary for "interfacings," "backing," or "underlining" and "lining."

These details are vitally important. To line a garment is not always enough.

On these pages the secrets of these shapemaking fabrics are revealed.

### INTERFACINGS

THESE are usually cut in the shape of a facing and placed between facing and garment.

Besides adding strength to such stress areas as closings, pocket, and flaps, they shape collars, crisp cuffs, and prevent waistbands from stretching.

Interfacings should be compatible to weight of outer fabric; their finish, soft or stiff, depending upon the desired effect.

Fabrics to use for Interfacings:

THERE are two general types of materials made specially for interfacings—woven and non-woven.

Woven interfacings have lengthwise and crosswise threads and, therefore, have grain. Thus, they should be cut carefully, following the grainline as marked on your pattern pieces.

Non-woven interfacings have no visible threads and, therefore, no grain. The pattern pieces can be placed on them in any direction for cutting.

It is also possible to buy special "iron-on" interfacing material which can be pressed into position on the fabric piece it is to face by applying a warm iron.

All the above interfacing materials are available in varying weights which you can select to suit the fabric you are making up.

When in doubt, it is advisable to select the lighter rather than the heavier weight.

Always use a washable interfacing material in a washable fabric, and take the precaution of pre-shrinking on a woven interfacing material.

### UNDERLINING

UNDERLINING, or backing as it is sometimes called, is used to accent a shape, to mould a silhouette, to define contours.

It also prevents a garment from stretching out of shape or from sagging, and is recommended in particular as a "holding together" or "non-stretch" means of shape retention in loosely woven fabrics.

Underlinings need not always be compatible with outer fabric.

They are always cut the same shape as pattern pieces and the two layers are handled as one.

Underlinings can make a fitted sheath of the lightest chiffon, will shape soft woollens into perfect trapeze lines, will mould soft crepe into defined fashion shapes, or make skirts flare with purpose.

Materials for underlinings should be firmly woven and light in weight.

If your garment is to be made from a washable fabric, make sure your underlining is washable, too.

The possibilities for manipulating fabrics beyond their original boundaries with interfacings and underlinings are limitless.

### LINING

THERE is no doubt that a lined garment, be it a dress, a shift, a skirt, a coat, or a suit, has that tailored custom-look.

Linings should be woven fabrics which do have grain and should, therefore, be cut with particular attention to the grainline indications on your pattern pieces.

In general, it is advisable to match your lining with the color of your garment, or to line a patterned outer fabric in a basic color of the pattern.

However, a striking effect will result by the selection of a vivid contrast, in particular in a coat or jacket.

You can always line a coat in an ensemble from the fabric used for the dress when the fabric lends itself to this purpose.

Lining instructions are included in your pattern. Follow them closely from the instruction sheet and the result will be that perfect, perfect shape.

### PRESS AS YOU SEW

THIS is the golden, rigid rule to apply to everything you sew. Pressing techniques may vary widely depending on fabric and construction.

Most important: pressing is not ironing. Pressing is lifting up the iron and setting down in a different position, always following the straight grain of the fabric.

Other rules to note are:

- Take care not to stretch edges.
- Always press seams, darts, and tucks before edges are crossed with other seams.
- Press seams with point of iron in direction in which you have stitched.
- Above all, know your fabrics and the best method of pressing for each.

Remember—and practise—these important pressing rules, which are vital to the final finish of your garment, and you'll achieve happy results.



## Shape (cont.)

### FIT IS FUNDAMENTAL TO FASHION

**T**HIS is a wise saying, and one which can mean the success of your garment. Fit is very important to finish. If the fit's not right, you'll be labelled immediately as a stitching amateur.

Custom fit begins with accurate measurements.

For dresses, suits, coats, or blouses, select pattern size according to your bust measurement.

For skirts, slacks, or shorts, select pattern size by your waist and hip measurements.

If you need to make slight adjustments in the pattern, consult the easy-to-follow adjustment rules on your pattern instruction sheet.

And fit every step of the way as you construct the garment.

A dressmaker's dummy, adjusted to your own individual measurements, will make your life a lot easier.

They are readily available through retail stores.

### HAND-FINISHING

**T**HE signature of the couturier, and it can be your trademark, too. But be sure you're performing the right stitches at the right times.

Hems, for example, can reveal telltale evidence of the careless stitcher.

Despite fashion's compulsion to send hemlines scampering up and down legs, a hem is still a hem and perhaps one of the most important finishing touches on your garment.

In hand-finishing facings and hemlines, never allow a stitch to be seen on the outside of the garment.

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## HELPFUL HINTS FOR HAPPY SEWING

● Here are some hints practised by experienced home dressmakers which will help in making your sewing easier and your results more professional.

**M**ANY of these tips will be familiar to you, but often one momentarily forgets them. Use this article, then, as a reminder.

### THINK BEFORE YOU SHOP

#### BUYING YOUR PATTERN

**T**AKE your measurements carefully. Buy the pattern size closest to your measurements to minimise alterations. If any alterations are necessary, consult the chart on your pattern instruction sheet.

Be sure to remeasure carefully if you have gained or lost weight.

#### WHAT TO BUY

**T**HE pattern envelope lists the kind of fabrics most suitable for the pattern you have selected. Use these suggestions as your basic guide.

Buy all the notions, linings, and interfacings for the outfit when you buy your fabric and pattern.

Check the "Reminder" list on the back of your envelope and buy everything you will need for your sewing project in a single shopping trip. There is nothing more frustrating than to have to stop sewing and run out and buy another spool of thread.

Always have a snip of fabric for matching of threads and zippers, etc.

If you are matching colors, take the bolt of fabric to a window and compare it with your swatch in real daylight. Colors often look different in different lights.

#### WHAT IS YOUR BEST BUY?

**T**HE true cost in your budget includes things other than the initial price per yard—upkeep, for example, and the total number of wearings you will get during the lifetime of a dress.

A so-called bargain fabric that shrinks and fades turns out not to be a bargain at all but a very poor investment.

Look for display signs telling you about shrink resistance, color fastness, special finishes, and other service qualities in fabrics.

Always discuss these important points with the sales assistant.

### IN SEWING

**R**EAD and study the instruction sheet with every Vogue Pattern. Use the cutting layout on the sheet. It provides the most economical use of fabric.

The numbering system on each pattern piece, notch, and construction step is planned. Follow the numbers in step-by-step order for the simplest method of construction.

Be accurate in cutting exactly on the cutting line and in stitching seams exactly  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep. This will give a well-fitting garment, so important for a professional look.

Learn to use all attachments for your sewing machine. They are time-saving for doing many steps in making a garment.

#### STOP FOR A BREAK

**D**ON'T let yourself get over-tired if you are sewing all day or late into the evening. That's the time when you make mistakes.

Be sure to take time for a morning and afternoon break. Don't forget to eat lunch.

If you're feeling drowsy while working at night, wait till morning. You will feel much fresher and more ready to apply yourself to the job.

#### DIRECTIONAL STITCHING MEANS PERFECT SEAMS

**D**IRECTIONAL stitching is the secret of having both ends of a seam meet evenly. Directional stitching means stitching with the grain or in the direction of the grain.

To determine the direction in which you should stitch, run your finger along the cut edge.

If the fabric stretches or ripples, the direction is against the grain.

If it remains flat, the direction is with the grain. Stitch in that direction.

#### KNOW YOUR PATTERN MARKINGS

**E**VERY mark on your pattern piece has a meaning and is clearly explained in your instruction sheet.

This, in a nutshell, is the secret of your sewing success. Follow the pattern instruction sheet step by step. Don't take short-cuts.

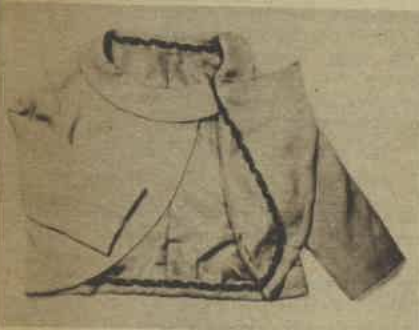
The results will be a garment you'll be proud to wear.

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# SEWING TECHNIQUES TO ACHIEVE

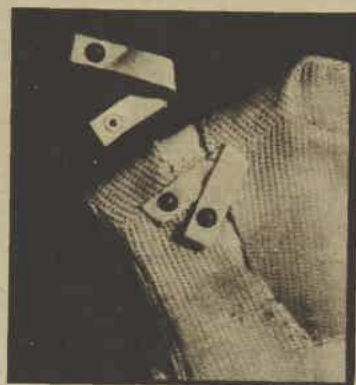
● The last, but by no means least, step in creating a garment is the finishing. The essence of the success of the world's leading couturiers is their exquisite hand finishing. On these pages some of the zealously guarded secrets which will enable you to achieve this superb finish are described and illustrated.



**Decorative ribbon binding**

**T**HIS is the method used by Paris to give the inside of a suit jacket a beautifully finished look. Hand-sew embroidered ribbon over edge of lining and facing where they meet, as shown in the picture above.

Choose your hand-sewing stitch to suit the ribbon edge — slip-stitch or a tiny hemstitch — taking care that no stitches show either on the outside of the jacket or when it is open.



**Lingerie strap-holders**

**T**HESE have long been used by high fashion to help clothes fit better and look more poised. They keep lingerie straps from sliding off shoulders and shoulder seams from falling forward or to the back. The holders of ribbon, seam binding, or thread loop are always sewn to shoulder seam with free end toward neck edge.

Work a thread loop at shoulder seam. Sew snap to free end and neck edge of garment.

For ribbon or seam binding strap (as illustrated): Sew half of ribbon to shoulder seam. Sew snap to free end and to attached end to fasten as in picture.

It is also possible to buy lingerie strap-holders from the haberdashery departments in stores.



**Hand-inserted slide fastener**

**T**HIS is an exquisite couturier touch, and is good for all fabrics, especially fragile, stretchy, and pile fabrics.

Hand-baste zipper opening, press seam open, and baste zipper into place.

On outside of garment, using basting line as your guide, sew zipper into place with a half-backstitch.



**Inside finish is made of lace**

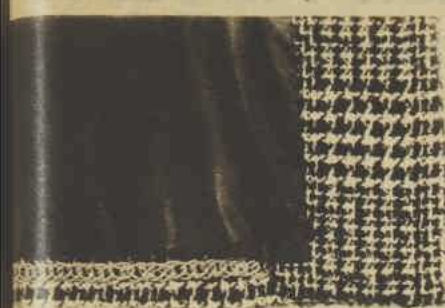
**A**N elegant look for your party-going coat can be obtained by hand-sewing glittery lace inside the coat where lining joins the facing as shown in the picture above.

Keep stitching invisible.

Before you begin this sewing task, run a tape measure round the lining edges to find out how much lace edging to buy.



# THAT PROFESSIONAL FINISH



## Gold chain weight for jacket

A FINISHING touch used by couturiers to preserve lines of suit or overblouse in any attitude. It adds the necessary weight at hem to eliminate constant adjusting. Tack chain along bottom of jacket  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from lower edge and tuck ends into facings. Use different weights for different fabrics.

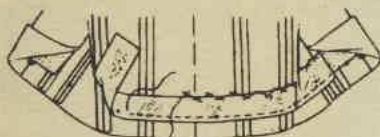
## The soft hemline

HERE is another favorite couturier look on suits and coats.

Cut a 3in.-wide strip of bias canvas or linen the length of hemline between front facing seams.

Open out facings, pin bias to inside of jacket, placing and tacking lower edge of bias  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. below hemline. Catch-stitch upper edge of bias lightly to the jacket. (See sketch below.)

Turn up hem on hemline and press. Catch-stitch hem and facing.



Bias strip in place for soft hemline.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1966

## Horsehair stiffening

THIS is a fashion touch for sheer skirt hemlines—a perfect finish for an all-over lace dress. The stiffening is almost invisible, can be eased to shape fabric.

A transparent stiffening cut on bias, horsehair has a heavy thread woven along one edge.

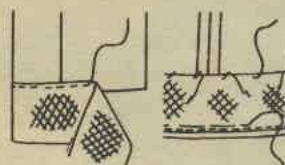
Lap and pin threaded edge  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. over cut edge of hem. Join ends, press seam open. Sew along pinned edge with running stitches. Turn facing to inside, turning hem to inside  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Press.

Shape upper edge of facing, where

necessary, by drawing thread after securing one end so thread is not pulled through.

For straight or gathered skirts, pull out this thread.

Slip-stitch facing to garment.



Horsehair stiffening at hem.

## Sewing on buttons

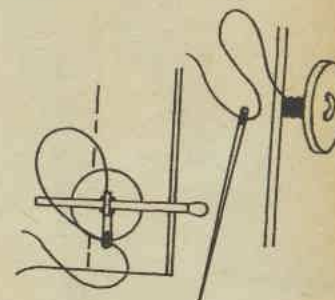
WHEN sewing buttons on to thick material, do not pull the thread too tightly or the buttons will be hard to fasten.

Avoid this with a shank made by placing a pin or match, according to the weight of material and thickness of buttonhole—the thicker the material the longer shank needed—over the button and sewing over it (see illustration below).

If there is a small button on the wrong side of the material, stitch this on at the same time. Then remove the pin and make a shank by winding the thread around the connecting threads so that you make a little stalk (see illustration).

When using a row of buttons as a trim, attach a length of tape at back of garment and sew buttons through on to tape. The tape forms a reinforcement, keeps buttons firm and in a straight row.

When sewing buttons to fine material, a smaller button or a tiny square of material stitched to the wrong side will prevent strain.



Button shank.

HOME DRESSMAKING — Page 15

## HOW TO ORDER VOGUE PATTERNS

Send orders and postal notes to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. READERS: P.O. Box 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) No C.O.D. orders accepted. Where applicable Vogue labels (see page 7) will be supplied with patterns.

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

## HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT PATTERN SIZE:

Misses' Sizes:	10	12	14	16	18	20
Bust:	31in.	32in.	34in.	36in.	38in.	40in.
Waist:	24in.	25in.	26in.	28in.	30in.	32in.
Hips:	33in.	34in.	36in.	38in.	40in.	42in.

Pattern No.		Size
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